JESUXPI PASSIO

THE CROSS

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ST. GEMMA GALGANI
(Feast: May 14th)

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YOU MUSTN'T CALL IT STEALING!
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PRIESTS YOU DON'T LIKE
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THE ROSARY IN THE HOLY LAND

Join this prayerful pilgrimage conducted by G. H. PHILLIPS

MOST pilgrims to the Holy Land buy a Rosary. By putting it in specified places or by taking it to the Franciscan sacristry in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, this can become rich in indulgences. Yet there is further reason why the Rosary becomes of great value to the pilgrim.

When the traveller meditates on the Mysteries after his return home, he will find that memory has to a large extent taken the place of imagination. The latter is now used only to supplement what has been seen. Who, for example, could kneel in the Grotto of the Annunciation in Nazareth and not henceforth recall to mind how the two ancient pillars represent the relative positions of Our Lady and the Angel Gabriel ?

There is more to the picture than this, for through a grille in the wall further parts of Mary's home can be seen. The House of the Holy Family, under the Church of St. Joseph not far away, shows even more clearly still the type of dwelling in which the Annunciation would have taken place.

Ein Karem, the traditional village of the Visitation and of St. John the Baptist's birth, lies, as everyone knows, in the " hill country." According to our own knowledge of hills, so we are apt to picture these. They are in fact red-brown and rounded, criss-crossed with dusty paths and with olives growing on the lower slopes ; all much the same as when Our Lady made Her journey.

AT Ein Karem the hills are divided by the Valley of Terebinth, wherein David slew Goliath while the Israelites and Philistines encamped on opposite heights. In order to reach the traditional site of the Visitation, Our Lady would have crossed from one side to the other and passed by the well from which Ein Karem, meaning the Vineyard Spring, takes its name. Tradition says that She paused here to drink, and more than likely She did, before toiling up the final slope to the place where Elizabeth awaited Her.

Today the Church of the Visitation crowns this hill and covers the little crypt, which is all that remains of Zachary's rustic dwelling. The well inside this Grotto is still full of cool, clear water such as the two cousins must have drawn and drunk during the three months' Visitation.

Outside the church the *Magnificat* has been recorded in many languages, and back on the opposite hill the beginning of the *Benedictus* is written above the birthplace of St. John. This probably took place in Zachary's " town house," where most likely Our Lady saw Elizabeth safely installed before She returned across the hills once more.

Today passports and visas are required for the Nazareth-Bethlehem journey, for while Nazareth and Ein Karem are in Israel, Bethlehem belongs to Jordan.

DUE to this Partition of what was Palestine, the old road which Our Lady and St. Joseph followed is now partly marooned in 'No-Man's Land.' In circumnavigating this, the new road follows a longer route and links up with the original way not far from Bethlehem.

The actual place of Our Lord's Nativity comes as a disappointment to many on account of the chattering tourists that congregate there. Wait until they have gone and the true atmosphere soon reasserts itself. The people of Bethlehem themselves come to kneel before the silver star which marks the hallowed area where Jesus was born. This shrine is owned by the Greek Orthodox Church, but the Catholic altars of the Manger and the Magi are nearby.

If, even when silence reigns, the pilgrim finds difficulty in realizing this to be a cave-

stable, he should look at the environs of Bethlehem where men and animals still live together in homes constructed from the caves. Look, too, at the surrounding fields, where the shepherds continue to pasture their flocks as they did 2,000 years ago.

When the time came for the Presentation of their Child according to Jewish Law, the Holy Parents retraced their steps to Jerusalem to enter the Temple. Since the 7th century the large mosque known as the Dome of the Rock has stood over Mt. Moriah, on which was the Jewish Altar of Sacrifice. Yet much of what was the original Temple Area fortunately remains as an open space covered by flagstones. This is a great aid to mental reconstruction.

From somewhere here St. Joseph bought the two birds for the official offering and then he and Our Lady would have gone across to what is now the foreground of the smaller mosque of El Aska. Unlike the Dome of the Rock, this mosque was originally a Christian church, built by Queen Helena.

WALK between the perfectly constructed pillars and down to the far end of this architecturally pleasing building to reach the probable place where the Boy Jesus was later found among the doctors, " hearing them and asking them questions."

As the twelve-year-old eventually left the Temple to subject Himself to His earthly parents, did He turn to look across the Kedron Valley to the Mount of Olives, which twenty-one years later was to be the scene of His Agony ?

There is still an uninterrupted view across to the Mount from the Temple area today and the Church of All Nations which stands over the Rock of Agony can easily be seen. The Rock is in the centre of the sanctuary and the church has purple-tinged windows, so that the light there is perpetually one of evening such as it would have been at the time of Our Lord's prayer on the first Holy Thursday. The continuation of the Garden of Gethsemani lies peacefully outside, its ancient olive trees and surrounding flowers lovingly tended by the Franciscan custodians.

This same Order's Convent of the Flagellation is situated not far inside the St. Stephen's Gate of old Jerusalem, where the Antonia Fortress once stood. There are two chapels ; the one of the Condemnation and the other of the Flagellation. The latter has a most effective stained glass window depicting the scene in various tones of brown. A small portion of the original stone of Flagellation can be venerated in the Chapel of the Apparition of Jesus to His Mother, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

AFTER meditating at the place of the scourging, the pilgrim should move next door,

Arch of the ECCE HOMO, Jerusalem

to the Convent of the Sisters of Zion. Below their buildings has recently been discovered one of the most outstanding Holy Places in Jerusalem—the authenticated Lithostrotos, the original flagstones mentioned by St. John.

In the portion nearest the present door are many deep scratch-marks in the stone. Here the soldiers played their cruel dice game—the King's Game, for which some unfortunate prisoner was used as pawn and victim. Stone fortresses are cold in early Spring, and as the soldiers played they warmed themselves by a crackling fire made from zizyphus, that thorny bush known now as the Christ Thorn. From this area, the Saviour's last sad procession wound its way up the suffocating, narrow streets, along the Via Dolorosa which yet remains.

Once followed, this route can never be forgotten. It winds under archways, through the busy markets, past the corner where Simon of Cyrene joined Our Lord and the house of the compassionate Veronica, up cobbled steps blocked with donkeys and itenerant water-

sellers, until that last wearisome drag to Calvary itself.

Calvary is now reached by climbing steep stairs not far from the entrance of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The altar is owned by the Greek Orthodox but it is the hole under *it* which matters—the hole, now surrounded by a silver disc, in which the Cross of Our Saviour once stood. What pilgrim will not lay his Rosary on such a place and who could not there contemplate the last of the Sorrowful Mysteries with undeflected concentration ?

THE proper title of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the Church of the Resurrection and even as one descends from Calvary the joy of Easter comes to mind. The Sepulchre is in two sections ; the outer, now known as the Chapel of the Angel and containing a fragment of the stone that was rolled away ; and the narrow inner one which houses the Tomb itself. It is a profound experience to kneel there meditating on its emptiness.

Yet the full glory of the Risen Lord is perhaps more easily visualized back in Galilee, which remains as unspoilt as during those Great Forty Days. Here by the quiet of the lyre-shaped lake one can well picture the Risen Jesus, talking to His fishermen followers by the fire He had made ready on the shore. Here in the silence of the hills one remembers too how " the eleven disciples went into Galilee, unto the mountain where Jesus had appointed them."

It was not however from this mountain but from that other hill which He loved, that Our Lord ascended into Heaven. At the top of the Mount of Olives is a tiny mosque covering the imprint of a footprint said to have been made at the time of the Ascension.

On the Feast Day itself, Catholic Masses are allowed to be said and sung both inside and outside the little building. It is a great privilege to be amongst the joyful witnesses who gather on this sacred hill in the early hours of the morning of Ascension Day.

The Upper Room to which the disciples then retired is, however, a disappointment to the average pilgrim. Situated as it is near ' No-Man's-Land ' on Mt. Sion, there is an air of dereliction about the room. It is not of course the original room but it is on the site and of the same type as that in which the Holy Spirit came upon the Apostles.

The building has in its time been both a Crusader church and a mosque. Downstairs the Jews lament at King David's tomb, instead of the Wailing Wall they cannot reach, but upstairs the Cenacle lies dingy and deserted.

NEARBY on the traditional spot where Our Lady lay down to die is the Benedictine Abbey of the Dormition, but the Grotto of the Assumption, to which She is said to have been carried, is back on the Jordan side of Jerusalem near the Garden of Gethsemani.

Greeks and Armenians now own the chapels jointly and the tombs of St. Joachim and St. Anne are here as well as that of Our Lady. The latter is in a central position. It has a marble slab on top, while in the roof above a hole has been left just big enough for the passage of a body. This idea is thought to have been Queen Helena's and was meant to present a clear lesson to the unlettered Christian.

The same aim is evident in the painting of Our Lady's Coronation which hangs, oddly, or perhaps appropriately, enough, on the way up to the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre ! The Queen of Heaven is depicted receiving a crown from Our Lord, Who gives it with His left hand while holding the Cross with His right.

God the Father is on the opposite side of the picture from His Son and slightly above Our Lady, while the Holy Spirit hovers over Them in the form of a dove. The Devil, shown as the serpent carrying an apple in its mouth, is being crushed underneath the sphere on which Our Lady sits and all around are the angels singing songs of praise.

It is a comprehensive picture and one that creates many more prayerful thoughts than can be considered in the space of one decade of the beads. But by now the pilgrim will be well aware that all fifteen decades become totally inadequate once he has seen the Rosary against the actual background of the Holy Land.

PASSIONIST SISTERS' GENERAL CHAPTER

On March 31st, the General Chapter of the Sisters of the Holy Holy Cross and Passion opened at Mount St. Joseph's, Deane, Bolton, Lancs.

The following Superiors were elected to the General Curia of the Congregation :—

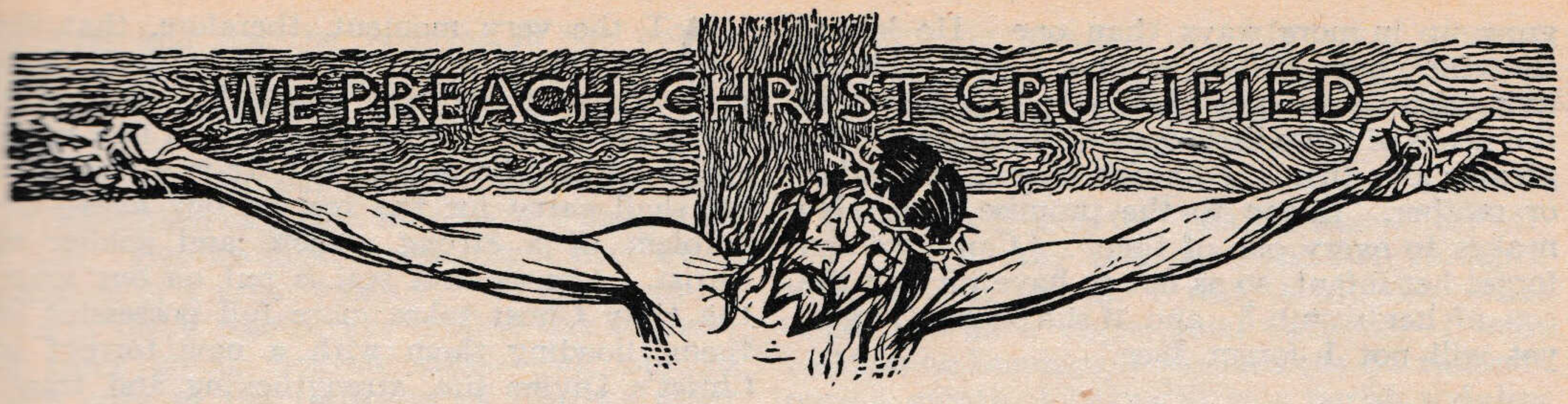
Mother General : MOTHER CONSOLATA

First Consultor-General : MOTHER JOSEPHINE

Second Consultor-General : MOTHER MARIE LOUIS

Third Consultor-General : MOTHER MARY IMMACULATE

Fourth Consultor-General : MOTHER MARIE THERESE



FORUM OF THE PASSION—CONDUCTED BY FR. CYRIL, C.P.

GROWING-UP SACRAMENT

FATHER Joachim rose from his knees and looked round the crowded classroom. He had just opened the third meeting of the Forum of the Sacred Passion with the usual prayers to invoke the help of the Holy Ghost, and he was very pleased to see that the parishioners young and old had turned out tonight in greater numbers than ever. He glanced quickly at his three Forum Guests, to make sure they were comfortably seated. On his right sat a rather impressive figure. His sallow complexion marked him out as a foreigner. A trace of purple appeared under his Roman collar and there was a Bishop's ring on his hand. On Father's left was a priest who was well known to many of the parishioners : he was Fr. Mel, home on rest from his labours in the Passionist Foreign Mission of Bechuanaland. On the Bishop's right sat a girl in her early twenties : there was nothing striking about her appearance and she would have passed unnoticed in any group of office or factory workers. The older residents of Seven Dolours Parish could not remember having seen her before ; but the girls who lived in the new housing estate and who travelled to work every day on the crowded morning buses, recognised her at once as Mary Callaghan, a shorthand typist in one of the big offices in Fairburgh. Some of her companions were amazed to see her at the speaking end of the Forum. Others were not so surprised: they knew her to be an active member of the parish branch of the Legion of Mary and a former speaker at Patrician meetings in Fairburgh before her family moved out to Greenvale.

Now Fr. Joachim was addressing the meeting. "The subject we're going to discuss tonight," he said, "is CONFIRMATION—ANOTHER FORGOTTEN SACRAMENT. As you can see we have two distinguished visitors who asked especially if they might come along and see the Forum in action. I'm sure they will have a few words to say later on. But our first speaker tonight is Miss Callaghan and she's now going to say a few words on the Sacrament of Confirmation."

MARY Callaghan's hand shook a little as she put the summary of her talk on the table before her and rose to speak.

"At our first Forum meeting," she began, "Fr. Joachim reminded us that we were all adopted sons and daughters of Almighty God, younger brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ, His Son. Last month Mr. Smithson showed us how this adoption of ours took place at Baptism. At that most solemn moment of our lives, when the priest poured the saving waters over our heads, our Divine life was planted in our souls ; and God the Father, recognising in us the true likeness of His Son, accepted us as His newly born children. And the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, came down from heaven to make us one of their Family, as it were, to dwell in our souls, to live with us and in us forever.

"Now it's all very well being born a child of God and having Our Lord's life planted in our souls. But as Fr. Joachim has told us, we've still got to GROW UP and KEEP GROWING UP until we become in every way LIVING IMAGES of God's Own Son. When a father and mother look on the infant child that God has confided to their care, they feel happy and grateful for the wonderful gift that God has given them. But they know very well, as they watch the infant in the cradle before them, that their work is only beginning. If that spark of human life isn't cared for and strengthened, day in and day out, it will never mature and become the most wonderful thing on earth : a fully grown man or woman. In a very real and much more wonderful sense, Almighty God knows, as He watches their godparents bring John and Mary and Tommy and Kate away from the Baptismal font with the spark of His Son's Divine life transforming their newly born souls, in a much more wonderful sense God knows at that moment that His work is only beginning. He knows that these little infants have to

grow up in more ways than one. He knows that they have still to become fully developed living likenesses of Christ. And God sees to the needs of these little ones with immeasurably greater love than the human love of any father or mother. Listen to the promise which He makes to every one of them : ' Can a woman forget her infant, so as not to have pity on the son of her womb ? and if she should forget, yet will not I forget thee.'

" AND that brings us to the second great Sacrament which God has provided for us through His Son. Confirmation is our COMING OF AGE Sacrament, our GROWING UP SACRAMENT. Let's see what the Bishop does when he's giving us Confirmation. (The Legion of Mary will be selling small pamphlets with the full ceremonies of Baptism and Confirmation after the meeting, and any of you who wish can read the full description for yourselves). Briefly, what the Bishop does is this. He prays that the Holy Spirit—' The Spirit of wisdom and understanding '—' The Spirit of counsel and fortitude '—' The Spirit of knowledge and piety '—' The Spirit of thy fear '—may come down into our hearts and preserve us from sin and give us all his wonderful gifts. Then the Bishop places his hand on our heads —pointing us out personally, as it were, to the Holy Ghost ; and with his thumb which he has dipped in Chrism, blessed on the previous Holy Thursday, he makes the sign of the Cross on our foreheads, saying as he does so : ' I sign thee with the sign of the Cross and I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'

" Every Sacrament as we know is Our Lord's own special sign. And because it's His sign it stands for a particular kind of grace He wants to give us and it actually gives us that grace if we put no obstacle in the way. Now chrism is olive oil with a sweet smelling spice called balm mixed into it. Why olive oil ? Because in ancient times people used olive oil as a medicine and a strengthening food ; it was burned in lamps to give light ; and athletes rubbed it into the muscles to make them strong and supple. And so the olive oil the Bishop uses in Confirmation is the sign Our Lord has chosen to ENLIGHTEN OUR MINDS and to make us STRONG HEALTHY ATHLETES, chosen FRONT LINE SOLDIERS in the battle against His enemies and ours. But why balm ? Balm was looked on as a preservative and its sweet smell filled any place it was brought into. Balm is used in Our Lord's sign of Confirmation to let us know that His grace will keep us strong and that at the same time we must spread everywhere we go the sweet fragrance of His virtues.

" AT the very moment, therefore, that the Bishop signs our foreheads with the holy chrism, something very wonderful happens in our souls : they are stamped with a new mark which cannot be destroyed. It is an emblem we shall carry for the rest of our lives—the emblem of a strong athlete and soldier of Christ. And as that seal is put on our souls, the Holy Ghost takes more full possession of them, flooding them with a new torrent of Christ's Divine life, strengthening and transforming them so that we now appear before God in the likeness of His Son, FULLY GROWN and MATURE. From now on we cease to be children. We have become grown up brothers and sisters of Christ. We have to face the full battle of life as Our Lord faced it when He left the quiet of His Mother's home at Nazareth.

" For with the privileges of growing up come the responsibilities. Once we have received our COMING OF AGE Sacrament, God expects us to take our place as fully-fledged Catholics. And our service in Christ's great army of ' THE CONFIRMED ' means standing guard seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day. There's no room for neutrality, because there can never be a moment of truce between us and our enemies who are Christ's enemies. From now on a serious breach of God's Commandments or of the Commandments of the Church, takes on an aspect of treason and desertion : it's a betraying of Christ's cause, a going over to the enemy. From now on, to put it another way, if we fail in the practice of our religion, we're letting down the FAMILY NAME, just as a grown up son and daughter do when they bring disgrace on the father and mother who brought them up. On the other hand, every time we proudly profess our faith in face of opposition, we're shouldering our responsibilities as grown up sons and daughters of God, we're becoming ever more like Christ, our elder brother.

" AND it's important to remember that every time we're called on to stand our ground, to do our duty, to act as grown up Catholics, the Holy Ghost is there ready to guide and strengthen us. The grace of our Confirmation stirs in the very depths of our souls as a strong, vital, living force. It's stirring in our souls as we proudly hang up that picture of the Sacred Heart in the living-room of our homes, or place that Holy Water at the front door, or put that Crucifix and the statue of the Mother of God in our bedroom. It's stirring in our souls as we raise our hats or quietly make the sign of the Cross when we pass a church where Our Lord dwells in the Blessed Sacrament—and I've known a non-Catholic who found the true faith from watching Catholics doing just that. It's our Confirmation grace that's working in us when we bless

ourselves and say the *Angelus* in the public street as the midday bell invites us to remember the love of the Son of God who became man for us.

"So much for our personal privileges and responsibilities as grown up sons and daughters of God. But we must never forget that we're members of a great FAMILY. We're not ONLY SONS or ONLY DAUGHTERS of God our Father; we can't go to heaven ALONE—we can go there only in the company of Christ's other brothers and sisters. Who are Christ's other brothers and sisters? Every man, woman and child in this world of ours, besides the blessed in heaven and the suffering souls in Purgatory. Those who have not had the happiness of receiving Baptism, it's our duty to help towards that great grace. Those who have received the Sacrament, it's our duty to help in our own small way to live ever more worthily of it.

"THE ties that bind God's world-wide family are much stronger than the ties that unite an ordinary, human family. In an ordinary family, all live their own individual lives, however much they may help one another. In God's family, all live ONE AND THE SAME LIFE—the life of adopted sons and daughters of God; all share in the very LIFE OF GOD which is in Our Lord as its source and which He pours into the soul of each.

"To help us to understand this wonderful truth, St. Paul compares all those who have received a share in Christ's Divine life to the different organs in a great, closely knit human body that fills the world. Christ is the head of that body, directing its every movement and making it a living body. Every Christian is a member of that body, a vital organ with an important function to fulfil. Every member being united to Christ the head is thereby JOINED TO THE OTHER MEMBERS: it DEPENDS ON THEIR HELP as they DEPEND ON ITS HELP. Here's how St. Paul puts it to his newly baptized Christians in the city of Corinth: 'For as the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of the body, many as they are, form one body, so also it is with Christ. For in one Spirit all we, whether Jews or Greeks, whether slaves or free, were BAPTIZED INTO ONE BODY . . . . . Now the body is not one member but many. If the foot say, Because I am not a hand, I am not of the body; not for all that doth it cease to be of the body. And if the ear say, Because I am not an eye, I am not of the body; not for all that doth it cease to be of the body. If the body were all eye, where would be the sense of hearing? If it were all hearing, where would be the sense of smell? As it is, God hath set each several member in the body according as He willed. . . . there are many members, yet one body. THE EYE CANNOT SAY TO THE HAND, I HAVE NO NEED OF THEE; . . . . IF ONE MEMBER SUFFERETH, ALL THE MEMBERS SUFFER THEREWITH; IF A MEMBER BE HONOURED, ALL THE MEMBERS REJOICE THEREWITH.'

"FORGIVE me for talking about myself, but it may help someone here tonight. When I left school, I was, I suppose, what you'd call an average, good Catholic. I went to Mass on Sundays, I received the Sacraments once a month, I belonged to a parish sodality and I made a retreat once a year. During one of these retreats, the priest spoke to us about Confirmation and the responsibilities it brings with it. He reminded us that we couldn't afford to be selfish or self-centred as Catholics; that our interests must be as wide as the love of Christ's Sacred Heart for all mankind. He quoted St. Paul's words about our being all members of one great body, all living with the same Christ-life in our souls, all depending on one another in our struggles to save our souls. He reminded us that till the end of our lives we should pray and labour to make every man woman and child on the face of the earth a vital, living member in the great Mystical Body of Christ.

"After that retreat, I began to pray not only for myself and my family and my immediate circle of friends. I began to pray for lapsed Catholics that I knew, for non-Catholics who were interested in the Church, for the success of Missions and Retreats that were being given in the diocese. About that time I read the lives of St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus and of St. Gemma Galgani, the Italian stigmatist, and I began to realise more and more the power of hidden prayer for the needs of the world. That made me remember every day the persecuted Church and the labours of all Foreign Missioners. All those words of St. Paul were coming to mean more to me: 'The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee . . . And if one member suffereth, all the members suffer therewith; if a member be honoured, all the members rejoice therewith.'

Then I began to reflect that I had a lot of free time during the week—after work in the evenings, on Saturday afternoons and on Sundays. I began to see that I might easily use it to the advantage of that group of Christ's brothers and sisters who were living in my neighbourhood. For me that meant joining the local branch of the Legion of Mary—but the Legion was only one choice out of so many other apostolic groups that spend some of their free hours trying to make Our Lord better known and loved: the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Youth Clubs, Social Study Clubs, Prayer Apostolates, Workers' Apostolates—you know them all yourselves. Let me honestly say that whatever little good I've been able

Continued on page 10

DENIS O'MOORE writes on

A MODERN MAGDALEN

Here is a gripping story of black despair and of shining hope

THIS is the story of a modern Magdalen. This is an account of a woman who not so long ago turned her back on the ways of sin and found at the feet of Christ the peace which she had failed to call her own during her reckless quest for the pleasures of the world.

The name of this woman is Heloise Semer. Her mother and father were of French extraction, and she herself first saw the light of day in the city of Geneva towards the end of the year 1874.

Madame Semer was a Catholic ; but Monsieur had evidently drifted far on the waves of doubt and scepticism. Nevertheless, he uttered no word of objection when Heloise was sent to a Catholic school or when she attended Mass and Benediction in the neighbouring chapel.

But Heloise quite early in life made up her mind to follow in her father's footsteps. She longed for pleasure. She craved for excitement. And, with a view to attaining her desires, she contracted a civil form of " marriage " with a middle-aged man who was reputed to be fabulously wealthy and who later took her to live on his extensive estate in Africa. When a son called Paul was born of the union, he was not baptized, nor was he given the merest ABC of religious instruction.

ON the waves of scepticism Heloise went drifting ; and, when a certain school-friend wrote informing her of her intention of becoming a nun, Heloise immediately sent her back a letter of would-be condolence.

" Poor child ! Do not talk of such things or we shall quarrel," she declared. " Going into a convent, indeed ! And all this bother simply to avoid Hell ! I can assure you that Hell holds no terrors for me. Indeed, I would far rather be there with my intellectual friends than in Heaven with some pious folk whom I know."

But then, like a veritable bolt from the blue, the blow fell. Her so-called " husband " grew tired of her, and she was forced to embark for Europe, without even the company of the son whom she so dearly loved.

To Paris she journeyed, and in the heart of the French capital she did her level-best to obtain some means of livelihood. But she was ignorant of office-routine. The only paper-qualification she possessed was a Primary School Certificate. She had no testimonials. She had no friends.

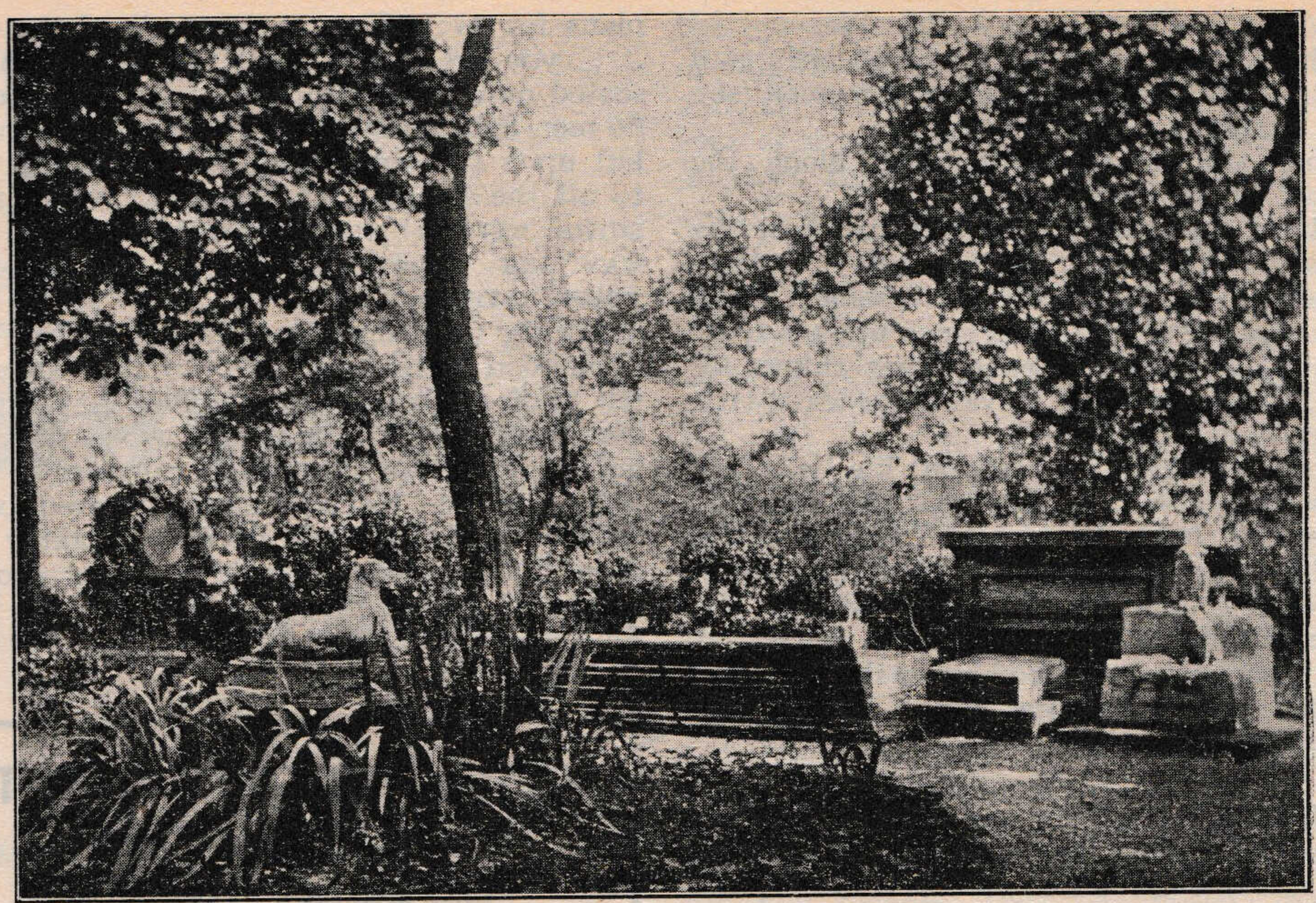
Day after day, she travelled from employment-exchange to employment-exchange—only to be met with the curt and monotonous intimation : " Sorry—we have nothing for you today ! "

All too quickly her store of funds petered out. She had to leave the hotel where she had taken rooms. And even the most charitable boarding-house keeper could offer her no room unless she were able to provide a week's rent in advance.

WEARY and broken, she dragged her tottering limbs to the door of a convent guest-house ; and she could hardly credit her ears when the first kind words she had heard in months fell from the lips of the Reverend Mother : " You must stay with us, my child. I shall give you a room and we shall help you to find a position."

That was in October, 1910 ; and it was not until the following February that she managed to land a job. The new position lasted only for a short time. Once again she found herself on the wings of the world. The post of governess followed ; but straitened circumstances on the part of her employers wrote *finis* to that as well. The next job lasted for two years. And at the end of that time she obtained employment in the service of a rich Jewess.

A chequered sort of a life, one would be inclined to remark ; but great changes were taking place in the soul of Heloise during those years. In 1912 her son, Paul, fell ill—so ill, in fact, that the doctors were unable to offer the slightest glimmer of hope. Heloise was summoned to the bedside of her sick boy. Remorse gnawed at her heart as she sat in that darkened room where the young man was tossing feverishly on his bed of pain, voicing his heartfelt wish : " If only I could pray ! "



A QUIET PARISIAN GARDEN

If only he could pray! In her heart she understood that every syllable of those words was an unwitting indictment against herself and the way she had brought him up. For was it not she who had denied him the consolations of religion? And was it not she who had neglected to give him the merest scrap of Catholic instruction?

THE days dragged slowly by; and with the passage of time it became apparent that the doctors' gloomy prophesies were not going to come true. Paul was going to live. Gratitude filled the soul of the anxious mother. And in the November of 1912—for the first time in years—Heloise Semer went down upon her knees and "prayer filled her with its ineffable sweetness."

Slowly she drew nearer to God and the practices of the religion which, in her quest for pleasure and excitement, she had so foolishly abandoned.

On New Year's Day, 1914, she penned: "May my year belong to God . . . . . May I serve God alone . . . . . "

In the July of the same year she was able to record: "At last, with determination and with joy, I can call myself a follower of Christ. I have chosen the Cross as the coat of arms of my mortal life."

She fasted rigorously. She spent long hours on her knees before the Prisoner of Love. By every means in her power she endeavoured to make up for the years which she had misspent and the gifts which she had wasted.

"Oh, Paul, what a joy it is to believe in God!" she wrote to her fully-recovered son.

And he, in his turn, was also destined to know the same joy. As soon as World War I broke out, he enlisted in the French army and saw active service at the Front. In the Spring of 1917, amid the roar of shot and shell, he went down upon his knees before the Catholic chaplain and was received into the security of the One True Fold.

Heloise's heart was overflowing with a great happiness when she heard the news. All the trials which she had suffered were now forgotten, and she could only think how good it was to be alive at such a time as this.

"My heart is heavy with joy," she confided to a friend.

TRIALS were to be hers again—great and difficult trials; but nevermore was she to know the grief that had been hers during those dismal days when she had been turned adrift from her "husband's" house and was forced to wander afar without any thought of God.

"Misfortune is not such and such an event," she was now to write. "The misfortune consists in bearing things sadly and in trying to get along without God."

She had turned over a new leaf and she had made up her mind that God was going to

occupy the foremost place in her life.

"I have vowed to belong to God with soul and body and without reserve for ever," she stated simply.

Higher and hgher she climbed along the stairway of sanctity.

"I have the firm purpose not to forget the smallest duty," she once whispered. "Indeed, I could not now commit the smallest fault without feeling a traitress. Once upon a time, it was a privation to leave other things for Christ; but now it is a privation to leave Him for anything else."

Heloise Semer's outlook on life was not always understood. There was the occasion, for instance, when a certain cynic observed that she was missing much of the happiness of the world. Calmly Heloise looked into his face and smiled a serene sort of a smile.

"If you only knew how good life is—how very wonderful it is—how happy I am!" she exclaimed.

THUS the years went quickly by, and she who had drifted far on the waves of doubt could now see from her secure vantage-point the hallowed shoreline where the eternal beacons glowed. In May, 1921, fortified by the Last Rites of the Catholic Church, she closed her eyes in death. And the last words which she breathed in this world were: "Straight into the Truth; I see the Light."

Heloise Semer was forty-seven years old when she passed away; and the greater number of those years were spiritually parched and arid. Her feet had wandered far along the paths of shame. But, like St. Mary Magdalen, her ears had suddenly hearkened to Love's Gentle Call. And with a humble and contrite heart she had hastened to the Saviour's feet and made atonement for the follies which had hung like a sombre pall between God's Will and her sin-scarred way.

GROWING-UP SACRAMENT

(Continued from page 7)

to do in the word of the active Catholic apostolate, has been more than outweighed by the help and joy and peace I've received myself in the course of the work.

"OUR Lord came to cast fire upon the earth. That fire descended on the Apostles at Pentecost and it's meant to spread through them and us until the whole world is ablaze with the love of God. As grown up, confirmed Catholics we've no right to sit self-satisfied and inactive in our own little corner of our own little parish. We've a duty to the whole world: a duty to pray for it and to work for it. Only in that way can we satisfy Our Lord's own plans for us: 'You are the salt of the earth .... you are the light of the world. A city seated on a mountain cannot be hid. Neither do men light a lamp and put it under a bushel, but upon the lampstand; and it giveth light to all the house. EVEN SO LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE BEFORE MEN, IN ORDER THAT THEY MAY SEE YOUR GOOD WORKS AND GLORIFY YOUR FATHER WHO IS IN HEAVEN.'"

For the first time the members of the Forum applauded a speaker. Up to now they had felt that applause was a little out of place. But Mary Callaghan's enthusiasm was infectious and they had to show their response in some way. As Fr. Joachim rose to introduce the second speaker he felt he was speaking to a room-full of apostles who at that moment would have considered no sacrifice too great for the preservation and spread of their faith throughout the world.

PASSIONIST NOVITIATE CELEBRATES GOLDEN JUBILEE

On March 25th, 1909, the Passionist Fathers took possession of their new foundation at The Graan, Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh. On the same day, Holy Mass was offered for the first time in the old building, long since demolished to make way for the present monastery and church dedicated to St. Gabriel.

The late Father Eugene (Nevin), C.P., first Rector of St. Gabriel's, was celebrant of the first Mass.

This year, on March 25th, the Golden Jubilee was marked by a special Jubilee Mass of Thanksgiving. The Rector (Very Rev. Father Stephen, C.P.) and Community were joined by their brethren throughout these islands in rendering thanks to the Lord Who, for fifty years, has never ceased to bless this 'cradle' of St. Patrick's Province.

BOYS!

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF BECOMING A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS AS

A PASSIONIST PRIEST?

OR AS

A PASSIONIST BROTHER?

WRITE TO:—
DIRECTOR OF VOCATIONS,
MOUNT ARGUS, DUBLIN

In this brief article

ON SHOWING RESPECT

PATRICK FAHY writes

with a mixture of gaiety

and gravity

AS we have been told by many visiting dignitaries, the Irish are a very religious people. The trouble is that some are more so than others, and it isn't always easy to live up to their good example.

For example, in the town where I was brought up it was sternly enjoined on us always to show respect to Religious—priests, brothers, nuns and so on. It was the " and so on " that gave us most trouble. Visiting monsignori and others whose exotic ecclesiastical dress was unfamiliar to us, were carefully inspected, and as often as not, passed by with arms rigidly clapped to the sides, on the grounds that they were " some kind of minister." There were divergent views, too, on the proper form of salutation. One school of thought held firmly to the belief that the proper acknowledgment when passing a nun was to BLESS oneself, and this course of action was carried out at every opportunity, to the amazement of the good ladies concerned. Eventually, the overwhelming example of the advocates of this theory prevailed upon the rest of us, and, in time, the nuns became used to the idea of a whole row of small boys solemnly making the Sign of the Cross on their approach.

THE town was a centre, too, for colleges and religious communities and the difficulty presented to us by the approach of a group of twenty or thirty priests and/or students (we didn't differentiate) was a major cause of acrimony. Those of us whose zeal was inclined to be lukewarm held strongly to the view that a single salute in the general direction of the approaching front rank was quite adequate. This was hotly contested by the most polemic who insisted that each cleric, or where this was not possible, each passing file, should be given an individual salute. A third school of thought, led by a young chap who is currently having a successful career in politics, decided that the correct solution was to bring the hand to the salute on first engaging the oncoming forces and keeping it more or less clamped to the forehead until the rearguard was safely past. But, of course, not even this masterly compromise contented the conservatives, and we were forced to adopt their method and punctiliously salute each face as it passed.

This gave rise to a most interesting problem in mathematics, as you have probably guessed. Assume that the clergy, represented mostly by highly-amused students, passed the laity, represented by a group of boys wearing mixed expressions, at a speed of X miles per hour, while the said boys were likewise travelling, in the opposite direction, at Y miles per hour. Having arrived by the correct methods of calculation which, I'm ashamed to say, I've completely forgotten, at the speed at point of impact, we must then allow for the fact that the laity salute the passing clergy at the rate of Z times per minute.

A MOST interesting problem and one which we solved with native schoolboy wit. We simply halted our own progress completely, thereby reducing the speed of the march-past to nearly manageable proportions and, by exercising our right arms with more speed than reverence, succeeded in carrying out our religious obligations in

"Just ten more minutes and they'll be out."

[By courtesy "Extension", Chicago]

a satisfactory, if somewhat exhausting, manner.

It is possible that some of my more critical readers may think that I am writing this with my tongue in my cheek. I hasten to assure them that I am not.

They have only to take a short trip on a city bus to learn that the boys have become men, and the girls—to an even greater extent—have become women, and that none of them is in the slightest danger of giving bad example.

To give an instance of this, on a certain bus route there are four churches. As each church is passed, the passengers lift their hats, or bless themselves, as the case may be. Which should mean, even to those as weak in mathematics as I am, that the sign of respect has been made four times. This, of course, is not the case. The majority of the passengers—who know the route intimately—have blessed themselves seven times and the two old ladies in the front seat have done so eight times. It need hardly be explained that the additional blessings are necessary because (a) there is a church at the far end of a street cutting across the one along which the bus is running; (b) there is a church in a street which runs parallel with the bus route; (c) there is an oratory attached to an institution in another parallel street; and—in the case of the two ladies—there is (d) a church on the far side of the river, the spire of which can be seen from the bus on a cloudless day.

A KNOWLEDGE of local topography is essential on such a journey and it can be a very anxious matter to find oneself on a bus travelling an unfamiliar route. It is necessary to keep a wary eye on one's neighbour and to follow his salutation in blind faith whether or not a church is in view. It is not the occasion to display a virile initiative. Stranger-passengers have been known to bless themselves boldly as the bus passes an imposing edifice, only to realise from the immobility of the regulars that they have blundered. It is somewhat shaking to the companionable traveller, eager to be regarded as one of the happy family, to have to sit in red-eared silence while the Customs House, or the Grand Hotel, disappears from view.

Foreign Catholics sometimes comment on all this activity of ours with understandable puzzlement. And though the reasons for it are explained volubly and at length, they go away just as puzzled. Which is not to be wondered at because we don't often tell them the real reason. The fact is that we Irish, to put it plainly, are cowards. In spite of the picture of the hot-tempered, fighting, tread-on-the-tail-of-me-coat Irishman built up for us by admiring friends, the truth is that many Irish people live their lives in deadly fear. And because of this they crowd the confessionals and the altar-rails; they salute their God in His servants and in His Most Blessed Sacrament on every possible occasion. Because, poor, frail human beings that all of them are, they are mortally afraid of offending His Love.

RUSES of ADVERSITY!

A pastor who had spent a great many years in a certain parish was called in by the archbishop and told that he was transferred to another parish where a new church was to be built.

"But Your Excellency," expostulated the pastor, "don't you think a younger man would be better able to undertake a big assignment like that?"

"You are not so old as our Holy Father," the archbishop pointed out with a smile.

"That is so," replied the old priest respectfully, "But John XXIII didn't have to build St. Peter's before he moved in."

ANNE COLLINS in the *Catholic Digest*.

YOUR QUESTIONS OUR ANSWERS

If I have been a sponsor for an adult baptised in the Catholic Church, how far must I go in watching over that person's practice of the Faith ?—L.G. (London).

The godparent (witness) of an adult converted to the Catholic Church has the same responsibility as one who bears that relationship to an infant. He is to see to the proper observance of the practices of the Faith, help and encourage him to adjust himself to the new way of life he has chosen, and admonish him when guilty of any wrong or neglect. The witness can be very helpful to the new convert by making himself available for advice, information and guidance, especially during the first stages of the convert's efforts to become familiar with the duties and responsibilities of a Catholic. Needless to say, the Almighty does not expect a witness to do the impossible. Accordingly, if a convert turns his back on the Faith and hardens his heart against advice, there is often little that the witness can do except to pray for the erring one.

●

With regard to the law of fasting, does a person have to fast until he is sixty years old, or—as someone told me recently—until he is fifty-nine . . . ? —' Old-Timer ' (Co. Waterford).

The law of the Church states that the law of *abstinence* (from flesh meat) binds all who have *completed* their seventh year (i.e., from the seventh birthday onwards). The law of *fasting* binds from the *completion* of a person's twenty-first year (i.e., from the twenty-first birthday) to the *beginning* of his sixtieth year (i.e., from the fifty-ninth birthday). (Canon 1254).

●

Is it true that you can hear Sunday Mass on the radio . . . ?—C.D. (Dublin).

Listening to a broadcast of the Mass can certainly be a very great aid to devotion, and it is a real blessing for those who are unable to go to church. But listening to such a broadcast does not satisfy one's obligation of hearing Sunday Mass. This obligation requires our physical presence at the Holy Sacrifice. Regular readers of our magazine will remember that we answered a similar question some months ago.

●

I have been told by those who have travelled abroad that in some countries the people are allowed to eat meat on Friday. . . Is it not still a sin for them to eat it ?—C.B.N. (Cork).

If the people of a certain country are allowed to eat meat on Fridays, then assuredly they do not commit sin by making use of this privilege. Eating meat on Friday is not something evil or sinful *in itself*. The obligation, binding under pain of sin, not to eat meat on Fridays, arises solely from the legislation of the Church which prescribes this act of mortification as a means of doing penance for our sins and as a reminder of Christ's death on Good Friday. If, for good reason, the Church sees fit to remove this obligation from the people of a certain country, those people are simply not bound by that obligation any longer, and are privileged to eat meat on Friday.

●

In order to help me to answer a non-Catholic friend, will you please tell me, through the columns of THE CROSS, whether there is any example in the Bible of an apostle actually forgiving sin ?—P.F. (Liverpool).

St. Paul certainly exercised the power of binding and loosing from sin in the case of the incentuous Corinthian. In 1 Cor. V. 3, we find him saying: " I have already judged him that hath done so " ; and in 2 Cor. II, 10, he justifies his forgiveness of the repentant man by saying : " If I have pardoned anything, I have done it in the person of Christ."

●

Is it wrong for Protestant ministers to marry ? —V.H. (Dublin).

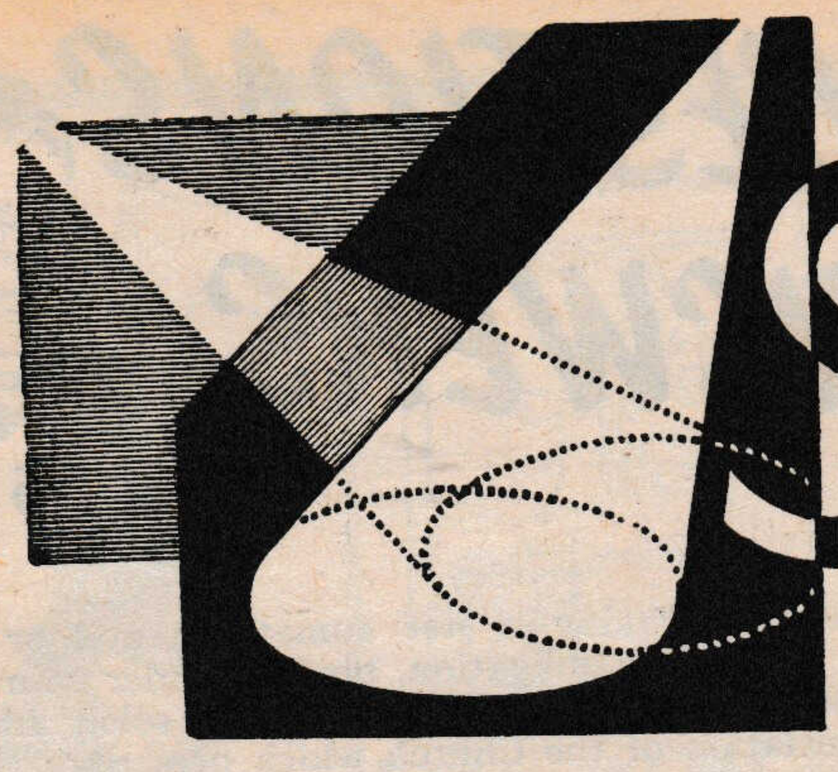
No. They break no commandment by marrying. It is true that God, through the legislation of the Catholic Church, commands His priests to remain single. But Church legislation in this matter has nothing to do with Protestant clergymen.

●

Will you please tell me whether or not I am quite free to go for advice to any priest even though he is not one of the priests of my own parish ?—' Perplexed.'

Neither law nor custom imposes any restriction of parish lines on persons who seek advice regarding their personal problems. In matters such as this a person is free to deal with any priest he may find to be competent and sympathetic.

Like all other human beings, priests differ from one another in their personal qualifications. The priest who can best handle your problem may be assigned to a parish other than your own, or he may be engaged in work other than that of the parochial ministry. In approaching such a priest you need have no fear of offending the priests of your parish. Parish lines must be respected in matters such as the celebration of marriage and baptism and the administration of the last rites. In the forum of conscience, however, each one is free to choose his own confessor and spiritual adviser.



Spotlight

LAST TESTAMENT

The memory of the late Pope Pius XII is still green amongst the world's Catholics. At his passing he left behind him an exceedingly brief Last Will and Testament. But in the following paragraphs from THE LAMP, there is reference to another 'Testament' of the late Holy Father :

On September 3, Feast of St. Pius X, 1958, as death was commencing to draw near the bedchamber of the late beloved Pope, he left a monumental legacy of worship to the Church in the modern world. It aimed to put into effect all the liturgical exhortations of his pontificate. In the case of the low Mass the faithful are to be present " not as strangers or as mute spectators " but as exercising a kind of participation required by so great a mystery. These ways of participation may be :

By devout attention to the more important parts of the Mass. Particularly deserving of praise are those who use a *small missal* and pray with the priest in the very words of the Church.

A further form of participation is when the faithful unite their voices in *common* prayers and songs suitable to the respective parts of the Mass.

A third and more perfect form of participation is achieved when the faithful *respond liturgically* to the priest celebrant, *saying aloud the parts that belong to them*. These responses would be such ones as the Et cum spiritu tuo, and even parts said by the server, as the *Confiteor*, and where possible the Ordinary of the Mass, that is, Gloria Credo, *Sanctus*-Benedictus, and Agnus Dei.

Father Ellard, S.J., refers to this Instruction as a " last will and testament " of the Holy Father.

CALLING ALL PARENTS !

As you'll see from this excerpt from THE TABLET of Brooklyn, Rev. Charles E. Curley is American of the Americans. Still, the lesson he has to teach needs some learning on both sides of the Atlantic :

After all, it's pretty much up to you. Find me a teen-age loafer and I will show you a parent who doesn't care. Point out a typical hoodlum in black leather jacket, sideburns, and motorcycle boots and I will produce a lazy, indifferent parent or one who " hasn't got the time " to do anything about it. Show me a thrill-crazed girl who keeps late hours in questionable company and I will show you a home where discipline is entirely lacking.

Back of every street-corner gangster with zip gun and switchblade knife stand parents who are failing in their duty. Excessive drinking among youngsters, stupid but costly vandalism, gang fights, car thefts, and all the rest usually have behind them mothers and fathers who simply don't care enough.

CATHOLIC CURIOSITIES

By many outside the Fold, Catholics are looked upon as being 'a little bit strange,' 'a little bit odd.' 'Those Catholics have the queerest customs, the most old-fashioned ideas.' We quote from THE CATHOLIC GAZETTE :

Soon we shall be marked out as curiosities, not because we go to Mass on Sundays, nor because we have Confession and eat fish on Fridays, but because we continue obstinately to believe that it is better to be born a leper than not to be born at all.

We think it odd to have to insist on a Christian truth so elementary, that life here is only the edge of existence. The real thing is to come. And what are we to make of people who say they believe in Heaven while contriving in all sorts of ways to prevent millions from being born and therefore of having their chance of getting there ?

In every road of every town mothers will tell you that they fear, not the pains of childbirth, not the hard work of feeding six or eight or twelve. They fear something more maddening, more insidious, namely, the smart, idiotic type of woman next door who will pity them and say " you are ill-advised." They fear of losing their tempers at lunatic questions such a " Where do you all fit ? How do you all manage ? "

PROFESSIONAL GOSSIP

Cardinal Cushing of Boston has criticised malicious gossip columnists and the growing business of professional gossips. His Eminence stressed that " we just do not have the right to know everything about

everybody." The following paragraphs have been culled from THE UNIVERSE :

Cardinal Cushing was commenting on the case of Marie Torre, a New York columnist who went to jail for 10 days rather than tell a court the source of a story about Judy Garland.

Cardinal Cushing said that even if Miss Torre's action was ill-advised she suffered, according to her claims, to protect the position of someone else. From that point of view she showed a certain strength of character.

" Things were bad enough when the only gossips we had around were the back-fence variety and other amateurs," he said.

" It has become intolerable now that the whole business has gone professional with newspaper writers making a living out of it."

There were some columnists who showed good taste and restraint in discussing the lives of celebrities.

" I also know," the Cardinal added, " that there are some who handle the lives of their neighbours with no sense of values at all and with no respect for reputations.

" In little staccato lines they feed the hungry public the evil food of malicious gossip. They quietly destroy their subjects and just as quietly poison their readers."

" ROOT OF ALL EVIL "

" Money is the root of all evil." This clipping from the INDIANA CATHOLIC would seem to indicate that it is a source of a particularly virulent evil in Hollywood :

A movie critic in the London Catholic *Tablet'* caught it when he wrote of " Baby Doll," " it is but the latest of a series of motion pictures by means of which Hollywood, in what appears to be a mood of almost pathological exhibitionism, invites the world to inspect the running sociological administration and moral sores of some aspect of life in the United States."

" Of this kind," the London critic pointed out, " was ' Black Tuesday,' about a prison break, ' Black Jungle,' about ' mixed-up kids,' in school, ' Rebel Without Cause,' mixed-up teenagers in trouble with parents and police, ' Attack ' debunking the American army, and of the same formula, ' From Here to Eternity ' and ' Battle Cry,' neither of which would inspire one with respect for the American armed forces."

The pattern is the same. Each of these pictures will do irreparable harm to the United States in every nation they are exhibited. And Hollywood doesn't seem to care—about anything, that is, except money. It doesn't care any more about the reputation and the safety of the United States than it does about the morals of its children. Hollywood doesn't care about anything but money.

MAN NEXT DOOR

Frank Sheed, a man of many parts—even theological parts—points the finger clearly towards a personal man-to-man apostolate :

There is only one voice that can be heard—the voice of a man speaking to his friend, speaking to the man next door, the man he works with, plays with, travels with. That voice, and only that, can secure attention. Therefore it is upon that voice that the winning of the war in our time and place depends.

The clergy must teach us of the laity. Unless we learn from them there is only loss for us, too. But the laity must convey the message one by one, to unbelievers one by one. Meetings have their part, and there should be more of them. But the daily, hourly fighting of the war is only possible if each Catholic is equipped to lead toward the truth the people he personally meets.

POPE AND JEWS

In the pages of the AVE MARIA, we came across these heart-warming paragraphs—written by a Jew—on the mighty work done by the late Pope Pius XII for the relief of persecuted Jews :—

After the war started, on March 11, 1940, Von Ribbentrop, after a formal request for an audience, was received by the Pope. The German Foreign Secretary went into a lengthy harangue on the invincibility of the Third Reich, the inevitability of a Nazi victory, and the futility of Papal alignment with the enemies of the Fuehrer.

The Pope listened patiently and impassively to the very end of Von Ribbentrop's speech. Then he opened an enormous register on his desk and, in perfect German, began a recital of the catalogue of persecutions inflicted by the Third Reich upon individuals in Poland. He listed the date, place and precise details of each crime. The audience was terminated, the Pope's position clear.

Pius XII's humanitarian efforts to ease the lot of the Jews continued throughout the war. French, Dutch, Ukrainian Bishops acted on behalf of the Jews on instructions from the Pope. Their success or failure was determined, to a large extent, by the degree of co-operation received from the local population.

The Holy See established several offices devoted to rescue work among the victims of Nazis—including, of course, Jews. The Relief Commission and Commission for Help to Refugees were among them. The three letters—U.I.V. (Uffizio Informazioni Vaticano—Vatican Office of Information) are remembered by hundreds of thousands who first heard them in connection with news of relatives who had been missing, interned, or enslaved.

When Rabbi Herzog appealed to Pius XII from Jerusalem, the Pontiff answered that he would do " all in my power to end the persecution of the Jews."

Thousands of Jewish refugees poured into Vatican City ; thousands of others sought shelter in the basilicas and other buildings of the Holy See outside the Vatican wall. No less than 15,000 were sheltered at Castel Gandolfo. The Pope sent by hand a letter to the Bishops instructing them to lift the enclosure from convents and monasteries so that they could become refuges for the Jews.

A. BOSCO warns :

YOU MUSTN'T CALL IT

Some modern folk have the loveliest names for plain old-fashioned stealing

WE thought our neighbour had dropped in just to say hello and were enjoying a pleasant cup of coffee with him when he said to my husband :

" Say, Pete, I've got a little work to do later on. I was wondering if you'd help me ? "

" Of course," my husband answered spontaneously.

Bob grinned and explained, " I've been eyeing that pile of lumber for the new house that's going to be built across the street. I keep thinking how I could use some of the boards to finish off my attic. So I've decided to ' borrow ' a few pieces for thirty years or so. With your help, Pete, it'll take only a few minutes."

We sat quietly for some seconds while his little speech sank in. I knew what my husband was thinking : that lumber Bob was talking about belonged to the builder, and no one had a right to take any of it.

My husband's fearless appraisal wiped the amused grin off Bob's face. " You mean you want to *steal* some lumber from across the street," he said. " And you expect me to help you ? "

THE red colour rose in our neighbour's face from either embarrassment or anger, I don't know which.

" *Steal* ? " he countered. " Who said anything about stealing ? The way I figure it, that builder owes me plenty to make up for the job he did when he built my place. Did you see the cheesy wall papering in the bedrooms ?

" And don't forget," he added, " he built your place, too, and ever since you moved in you've had trouble with the doors not fitting properly. That guy's a chiseler. Don't worry that he didn't pick up a little graft here and there on the houses he built us. Look, Pete," Bob used as a final clincher, " he'll never miss the few boards I take."

" All of which," my husband replied, " has nothing at all to do with the point which is : Do you have the right to take some of that lumber which is owned by someone else ? "

During the following discussion, Bob objected violently to our using the word " steal." For our benefit, he worked in such expressions as " tender conscience," " priest-trained," and " fanatical."

Getting nowhere, he finally stood up and at the door said to Peter, " Well, I guess I found out what kind of a guy you are anyway," and left.

Modern Conscience

IT used to be that if you took something that didn't belong to you, or if you wasted another's belongings, or damaged another's property, you were guilty of stealing and would not be forgiven by sorrow alone, but by sorrow and the honest intention to make restitution. The modern conscience has decided that is not the case.....

People go to restaurants or hotels and walk off with towels, soap, spoons, napkins, ash trays and other " souvenirs." On these items alone, the owners lose a total of millions of pounds yearly.

The souvenir hunters would protest violently if you said they *stole* these items. They are taking only a memento of their visit. If you convince them that taking these items really is stealing, you get an answer such as I did recently, " The hotel expects these losses and wants them for income tax deductions."

A friend who works in a factory told us recently that he hadn't bought bathroom supplies in months. He brings home ample quantities from the plant. Other items he has taken home include pencils, cellophane tape, wire, a few tools and a paint sprayer.

" Don't you consider that stealing ? " I asked him one time. He laughed.

" Stealing ? Are you kidding ? The company can afford it. The way I look at it, they should be paying me more anyway, and this makes up a little for it. Besides, all the guys do the same thing."

STEALING !

A Bit of Larceny

SOMEONE once said that everyone has a bit of larceny in his blood, but few admit it. Perhaps there is a strange lure or fascination in taking something and getting away with it. Or else we want something for nothing and subconsciously believe that the world somehow owes us a living.

Certainly, those without a "tender conscience" justify walking home with merchandise, even things that have a pretty high value. They have names for their action, such as "squaring accounts," "taking souvenirs," "being smart," or "raising take-home pay." In fact, they call it anything but stealing.

Materially, the big question is: who actually pays for these "business losses"? It doesn't take a genius to figure out that we, the consumer and patron, ultimately pay for the stolen items in higher prices.

Kleptomania

MRS. Mary Congemi, a top store detective, claims that shoplifters do not suffer from a compulsion to steal. Kleptomania is no more than a legend, she says.

"Shoplifters simply want something for nothing. They often have the muddled idea that taking something from a big department store *really isn't stealing*. They don't understand the real moral issues until they are caught."

A new fad among teen-age high school girls, many from prosperous families, was reported by department stores in a huge shopping centre called the "Miracle Mile" in Manhasset, N.Y. These girls are week-end thieves who go shoplifting as other girls go shopping.

Why do they do it? Some do it "for a lark," some to avoid being called "chicken" by friends.

The girls invariably are caught by the time of their second or third "adventure." If they have heard of the command "Thou shalt not steal," they either do not understand it or do not care.

Perhaps people have grown careless in recognizing ownership, public and private, and in respecting the rights and property of the owners. Not long ago, my husband parked the car while he attended an evening service at church. When he came out, he found the back fender badly scratched and dented.

No one was in sight, and no message had been left on the car. The guilty driver apparently had felt the important thing for him to do was get away. He had only dented an old car. He wouldn't call that a violation of the Seventh Commandment.

ANOTHER type of small thievery giving authorities a headache is embezzlement. Oftentimes involved is a worker who was considered honest and reliable over a long period of time. But investigation discloses that he removed small funds from time to time, concealing the loss in false records.

In the past year, 1,243 cases were referred to the F.B.I. for investigation as contrasted with 289 cases ten years ago. An estimate of last year's money losses due to embezzlers approaches the ten million mark.

A milkman told me recently that a fellow worker who is also treasurer of their company union had slowly but steadily taken a few hundred dollars from the union treasury. "He's a good milkman," he commented, "but he just can't resist the chance to pocket an extra buck." I'd hate to be on his milk route unless I were a good bookkeeper!

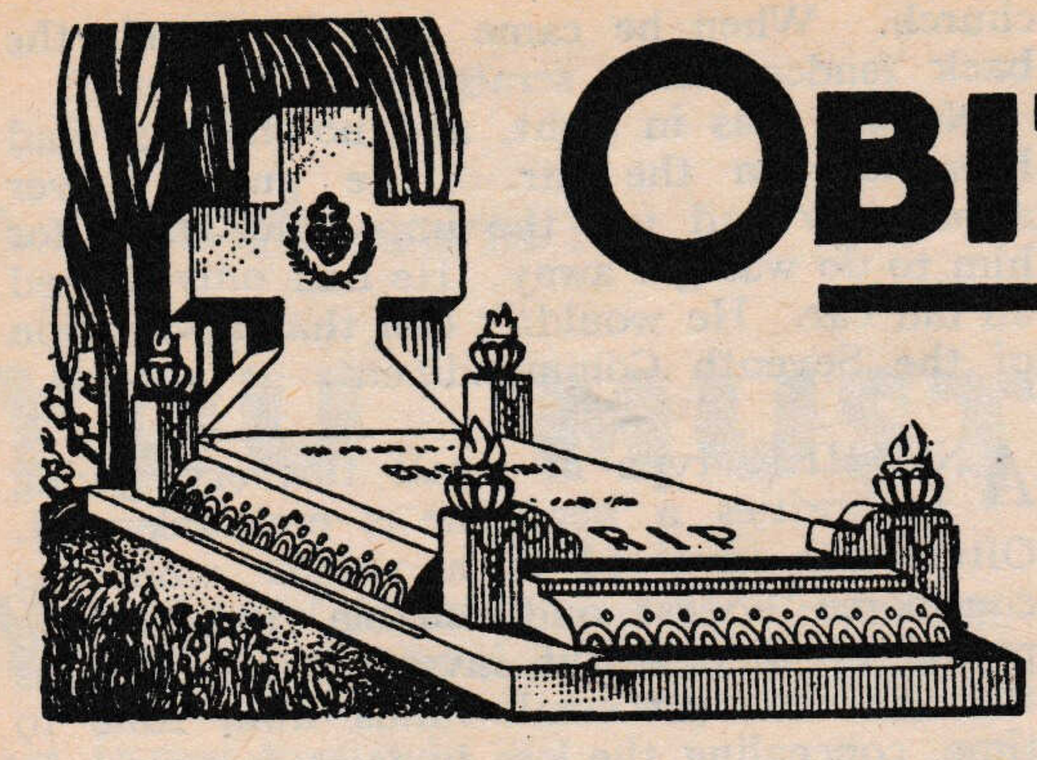
Father James Keller has written, "Honesty must begin in a man's conscience. If he is to show an abiding respect for the property of others, despite all temptations, he must realize in his own heart that God sees all that he does and that one day he must render an account of his stewardship."

It's not easy to refuse to help a neighbour "borrow" some lumber for thirty years, as my husband did, especially when you know that you'll be living on the same side of the street for years to come.

YET, as Catholics, can we sit back, seeing and hearing no wrong? Isn't it our responsibility to teach honesty—the strict honesty of *Thou shalt not steal*—by the way we live and by what we say?

Richard F. Ford wrote a letter to the Readers' Forum of the Brooklyn *Tablet* in which he said in part: "Some Catholics are afraid to be known as militant. They prefer to be known as tolerant, understanding, and rather indifferent, to religious issues. I for one would rather be known as a zealot, fanatic, or what-have-you than a lukewarm or mediocre Catholic. Even if our non-Catholic (or weak Catholic) friends can't understand our beliefs, they can at least wonder at our zeal."

We won't be popular because of our stand on honesty. But who knows? We might convince a few of the "something for nothing" crowd that the real word for their actions is *stealing*.



OBITUARY

REV. FATHER EDWIN (FARRELL), C.P.

ON the evening of Tuesday, March 10th, at Holy Cross Retreat, Ardoyne, Belfast, Father Edwin (Farrell), C.P., passed to his reward. His death came as a shock to his brethren at Holy Cross, because, though unwell for some days, he was not believed to have been gravely ill.

Born in the parish of Holy Cross, Belfast, on September 6th, 1892, he was known in the world as Malachy Farrell. While still very young, he showed a strong desire to study for the priesthood. Understandably enough, his thoughts turned to the Passionist Fathers, for it was in the shadow of their monastern that his boyhood years were spent. Thus, on the completion of his secondary education, he entered the Congregation, and had the distinction of being among the first to be professed in the newly established Passionist Novitiate at St. Gabriel's Retreat, The Graan, Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh. He took his vows on October 18th, 1910. For a short time previous to that date, and as a temporary arrangement, the Novitiate had been situated at St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.

FATHER Edwin was a member of the only class of Passionist students to have been ordained at All Hallows College, Dublin. He was raised to the dignity of the priesthood on June 17th, 1917.

Shortly after his ordination, he was transferred to St. Saviour's Retreat, Broadway, Worcs., where he remained until his appointment to the Community of St. Anne's Retreat, Sutton. For some years, while resident at St. Anne's, he held the office of Director of Students. At the division of the old Anglo-Hibernian Province, Father Edwin chose the Province of St. Patrick, where he served in many communities, including those of St. Mungo's Retreat, Glasgow ; St. Gabriel's, The Graan ; St. Mary's, Drum-Mohr, Musselburgh ; St. Paul's, Mount Argus ; and Holy Cross, Ardoyne.

FATHER Edwin's example led into the Passionist Congregation two of his brothers, Father Laurence of St. Joseph's Province and Father Alexander of the Province of St. Patrick.

Some few years ago, Father Edwin suffered a severe accident followed by a long and critical illness from which he never completely recovered. Thus were the last years of his life marked by the cross of suffering.

The obsequies took place at Holy Cross Retreat, Ardoyne. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Laurence, C.P. Most Rev. Daniel Mageean, D.D., Bishop of Down and Connor, presided. Very Rev. Father Fergus, C.P., Provincial, was present in the sanctuary.

Requiescat in pace.

LATELY DECEASED

Readers' prayers are asked for the following :

Monsignor Chase, P.P., V.G.
Very Rev. B. O'Brien
Sister M. Magdalen
Sister M. Assumpta
Sister M. Paul
James P. McIvor
Catherine McQuaid
Bridget Wilson
Ellen Duffy
Mary Martin
Finbar McCormack
Elizabeth M. Coyle
Patrick Macklin
William McCaul
Brigid Murphy
Owen McCague
Brigid Murphy
John Cawley
Mary Kearns
William Wilson

think for a moment about those

priests you don't like

In attacking the man, you may easily hurt the priest

NINE out of ten lax Catholics claim they left off practicing the Faith because of something some priest once said.

It's drivel, of course. A person who leaves the Church because of Father X is making Father X bigger than the Church. A type like that hadn't the Faith in the first place.

But let's face it. Sometimes the mouth-piece of the Word of God is definitely hard to listen to. Some priests, we might easily feel on a wet Sunday morning, could bore through ten feet of high-tension steel.

There are bound to be some of them you don't find yourself in sympathy with. There are bound to be some whose words of wisdom find no echoes in your heart.

Under those circumstances the Sunday seat can become uncommonly hard. And you can't get away from the priest. If he were just another of the many parishioners you have taken an unreasonable dislike to, you could simply keep out of his way. But the preacher has you out on a limb. You have to sit there and take it.

BUT whether you enjoy the process or not, you are listening to the Gospel of Christ being preached by His appointed representative. Not the Bishop's representative, nor the people's, but Christ's, appointed by Him to teach, preach and administer the sacraments.

The Curé of Ars once remarked with respect to his own preaching that it wasn't the first time God had made use of the jawbone of an ass.

The priest up there in the pulpit, doing his best to emulate Samson's feat of slaying a thousand with God's secret weapon, may not be a Fulton Sheen or a Padre Lombardi. But he uses his gift of speech dozens of times a day to do the work of Christ Himself.

Those same lips each morning pronounce the words: "This is My Body," "This is My Blood."

This is MY Body! Christ Himself is speaking with that voice. It may not be the most melodious voice in the world, but every single morning of the year God uses it to work a miracle.

Persons should not choose to quarrel too much with God's choice of instruments. It's just possible that He knows what He's doing!!

That same accent, whose intonation so irritates you, is heard at the bed of the dying, bringing comfort, forgiveness, consolation and the Bread of Life to one just passing from this world.

THOSE hands you dislike are raised in the gesture of absolution over sinners; they pour the healing waters over the head of the child; they anoint aged limbs for their journey into eternity.

The priest is not just another man. Tall, or short, cultured or uncouth, saintly or earthly, charming or dull, he carries Christ with him in everything he does. The world may call him an ass, but he is Christ's ass bearing Him in triumph into His Kingdom.

"THOSE HANDS YOU DISLIKE . . ."

Charm of manner is not one of the gifts conferred in the ordination ceremony. All priests are well-educated men, but it doesn't necessarily show on the surface. Christ never said that His priests would be handsome, intelligent, saintly and wise. But He did say He had chosen them. When we allow ourselves to dislike priests we are disputing Christ's choice.

In any case, it's no use sitting in the pew grinding your molars down to gum-level with honest indignation. That won't get you anywhere. Open your ears and some of Christ's message will come through the Sunday morning fog. Because it *is* Christ's message that is being given to you, not Father X's.

YOU never know, your tuning in to the broadcast may well improve the transmission. Staring week after week at a sea of faces filled with a dull and brutish incomprehension must be very demoralizing for the priest.

Taking them by and large, Catholics are very blessed in their priests. And the more one sees of them the more one realizes what a tremendous amount of good the clergy do.

They don't all do it in the same way. Father Brown may be the 'ultimate' when it comes to fixing parish debts, but his neighbour, Father Smith, is God's gift to men beside a sick-bed. A better priest? No. Just different.

Parishioners are different, too, and the curate who is approved by Sally, may look decidedly less attractive to her nephew Bob. To one, he is a close friend, to another, an odd acquaintance, to a third, no more than a man in dark garments. But to all of them, he is the Priest.

Or ought to be. When people let their personal antipathies creep into their opinion of the priest, they're on dangerous ground. The carping and criticizing and tearing of characters to shreds is bad enough when it is directed toward lay people. Turned on the priest it can easily cause disaster.

It puts the spotlight on the man, and pushes the priest into the background. When you hit the man with an axe through, you are likely to damage the priest as well.

HOW can I help my likes and dislikes, you may ask? Maybe you can't, but you can keep them under control. Cutting your head off is an uneconomical way of getting rid of a pimple on your chin. If you practice a little patience and restraint the pimple will go away.

Father X may not go away. But if you hold your horses for a year or two, you will begin to see his particular virtues in true perspective. You may even begin to like his preaching.

Even if you happened to be right, which is possible, but unlikely, and Father X *is* dull-witted, remember the Curé of Ars.

It would not be the first time that such an instrument had been used in the service of God.

NO NEED FOR GOD?

Doctor Nathan Pusey, the distinguished president of Harvard University, said that so great has been the advance of secularism in America that it "has itself become a faith and raised a hope that man can, through his own efforts—without God—solve all the remaining problems that stand between him and a secular paradise on earth."

"Secularism," said Doctor Pusey, "is a noxious influence, noxious to the spirit, imagination and to the mind, and works among us almost unopposed."

"It does matter whether or not God exists," said this brilliant educator, "and the most important questions are not the secular ones but the questions which religion answers for us by supplying meaning to life, by kindling hope and by giving, through faith in God, a basis of ethical behaviour."

—*Extension.*

TO connect Allied military strategy in World War II with the execution of Imre Nagy may seem illogical and extreme; and yet there is a link, for without the failure of the former, the climate for the latter might never have been created. The failure of the Allies to see the political wood for the military trees, to appreciate that the achieving of military objectives without considering the political implications might create political problems far greater than the military ones they sought to solve, left the Red Army free to occupy most of Eastern Europe. Under the aegis of the Red Star, the satellite governments were formed, and under its protection they have continued to grow in strength.

HUNGARY'S CRUCIFIXION CONTINUES

By the late
CAPTAIN DESMOND G. DINGLE

When, in October, 1956, there was a danger of the Hungarian regime being overthrown, it was the Red Army that saved it, ostensibly on the invitation of Hungary, but, in fact, before their "aid" was invoked. Although the constitutional legality of the Kadar regime is no more than an academic question, it is nevertheless true that Kadar's announcement that he had assumed the power of government did not come for almost two hours after the launching of the Soviet attack. Thus was the pattern of Soviet interference maintained. Today, the regime that liquidated Nagy and Maleter, still finds itself shored up by the Soviet Army with additional props provided by its own weapons of terror.

THAT these forces are crushing Hungarian resistance even more brutally than before the Revolution is clear from a recent authoritative American publication.* By judicious gleanings from Communist radio and press reports, from letters smuggled out of Hungary, from the reports of escaped Freedom Fighters, a depressing and terrible picture of post-revolutionary Hungary has been created, a picture of a highly organised system of terror and repression of liberty which makes it a crime to be "*suspected* of passive resistance."

While this campaign has been made possible only by the intervention of the Soviet Army, large part of it is being carried out by the Hungarians themselves. Frontier Guard units have been doubled and their area of patrol increased from one to 30 miles deep from the frontier. In the words of the report, "persons affording the slightest grounds for suspicion are arrested and interrogated. Villages are periodically turned upside down at unpredictable hours of the day or night. Passengers and luggage on trains in the area are regularly searched." A new quasi-military group has been formed to keep the workers under surveillance. This Workers' Militia, some 30,000 strong, has been credited—if that is the word—with a campaign of violence and terror far in excess of that carried out before the revolution by the AVO or secret police. Many of its members are in fact ex-officers of the AVO, against whom most of the venom of October 1956 was directed. The AVO itself, disbanded by Imre Nagy, is being re-vitalised; the news that Gabor Peter, notorious chief in Rakosi's time, has been re-instated in his old post, emphasises the extent to which this has been done. The Army, too, has been stripped of all its heavy weapons, and purged of all officers who refuse to signify their loyalty to Kadar. The Russian "advisers" have been substantially increased and a new Chief of Staff, an ex-AVO officer, appointed in February of last year.

THESE are the instruments by which the terror is enforced, but the laws, particularly the decrees passed since the Revolution, are the basis of it. The crimes now punishable by death include "wilful damage to public institutions or trespassing thereon," going on strike or instigating a strike, and—perhaps the most insidious of all—the failure to report to the Police the possession of unlicensed firearms by other persons. This last one conforms to the well known Communist tactic of encouraging spies and informers, a technique which has manifested itself in many other ways. According to the Survey, these include such forms as letters to the papers reporting "irregularities" at home or at work, tenant

* HUNGARY UNDER SOVIET RULE. A Survey of developments since the U.N. Special Committee Report. The American Friends of the Captive Nations. 1 dollar.

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committees who report on the behaviour of apartment dwellers and even voluntary patrols who accost people in the street and question them on their " inadequacies."

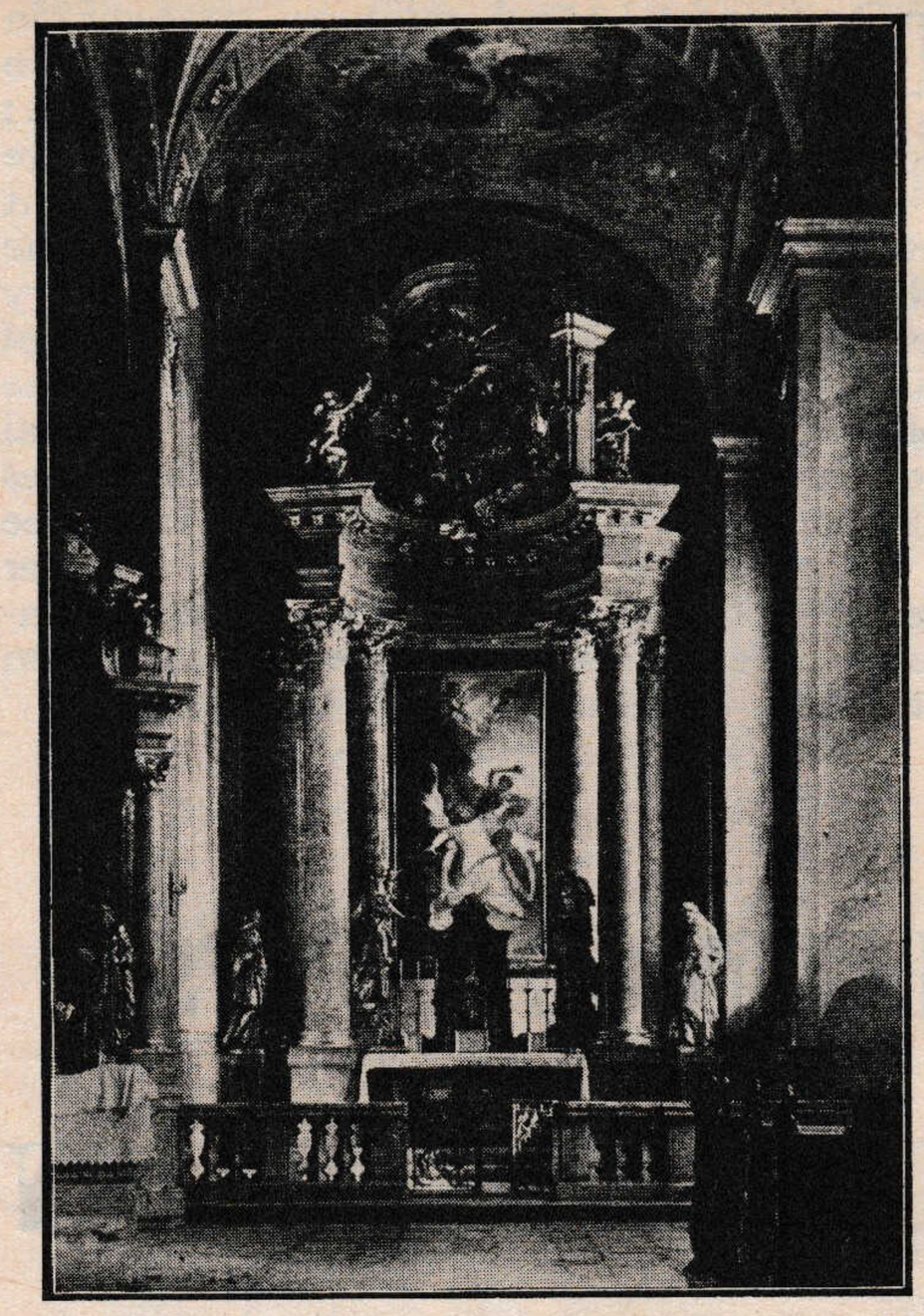
To support any charge is made unnecessary by Article 4 of the Penal Code which blandly states that " **the authorities are not bound to produce legal evidence and are free to use any evidence.**" Furthermore, it is not necessary to provide a charge in advance. It may be presented orally at the trial by the Prosecutor. Any chance an accused man might have had of acquittal is ruled out by a Supreme Court judgment quoted in the Survey : " **It is not the number of confessions or any other evidence that decides whether an allegation has been proved, but rather the conviction of the Judge who is free of any principles that oblige him to consider the evidence at hand.**"

BUT now apparently even the professional judges are not considered trustworthy, and in their stead sits the People's Chamber of the Supreme Court of Justice—to give it its full title. This Chamber consists of five members, four of whom are lay assessors appointed by the Government. On capital charges they have absolute power of life and death—there is no appeal from their verdict. To complete the mockery of justice, defence counsel may be provided only from a Government list. If the Public Prosecutor is to be believed, this was waived in the Nagy trial, and the defence counsel was Nagy's own selection. The final macabre twist to this Orwellian fantasy is provided by the decree which lays down that no trial can take longer than " 3 times 24 hours " and that the death sentence must be carried out within two hours of its having been passed. Again, however, this time proviso seems to have been disregarded in the Nagy trial which was stretched out to twelve days, presumably in an effort to convince world opinion that the trial was a fair one.

Since writers and journalists are in the best position to express opposition, however mild, much of the repression has been directed against them. Many writers have been imprisoned for " assaulting the Socialist system."

THE peasants, too, are being terrorised by the AVO and People's Militia in an endeavour to force them back into the collective farms from which in 1955 Imre Nagy helped them to escape. The Hungarian peasant is, however, a a stubborn man, and the Survey estimates that over 60% of the peasants still remain outside the *kolhozoi*, and continue to produce as independents.

If the peasants remain the strongest physical group, the Catholic Church, to which about 90 % of the population owes allegiance, is the most important spiritual one. In an effort to get at the people through their religious beliefs, the Department of Church Affairs has been reconstituted. This Department, with branch offices in every diocese, is now asserting control over all ecclesiastical matters, down even to the transfer of a humble curate. The Protestants have also suffered severely for " counter-revolutionary " activities. Many ministers have been imprisoned, and one has, in fact, been shot. Whatever their sufferings to date, even more severe tribulations may now be expected at the behest of the Peter referred to earlier, for it was he who played a large part in the " trial " of Cardinal Mindszenty.



Altar of St. Stephen, Gyor Cathedral

And so it goes on—arrest, repression, negation of freedom. In such a climate of fear, it is difficult to see how the Hungarian nation can extricate itself from the strait-jacket of the Red Army. Yet the very fact that the Kadar regime finds it necessary to increase its punitive measures is in itself an indication that they still fear the spirit of the people. They may yet have to face this spirit incarnate—for on their own admission, there are still some 80,000 weapons missing from armouries, in spite of the death penalty for illegal possession. " Tyranny, like Hell, is not easily conquered," wrote Paine over 160 years ago ; the alternative to trying is still the same, damnation.

TADHG GAVIN, B.A.,

provides this

Portrait of Franco

IT has been stated by " those who are in the know " that the popular press can succeed in blackening a man's character overnight; and that is precisely what so many of the world's journalists have been attempting to do in the case of General Francisco Franco for the past thirty years. That they have failed in their efforts is certainly no fault of theirs; for they have painted a picture of a self-willed, arrogant man who has worked his way steadily upwards to a position of importance, and they have even described him as a ruthless tyrant for whom the infamous Oliver Cromwell could barely hold a handle.

Now it is high time that the other side of the picture should be shown and that the real Franco should be held up to view. But, before we can hope to understand the man, we must have a little knowledge of his life and work.

Francisco Franco was born in the little town of El Ferro del Caudillo in the year 1892. As soon as the usual primary and secondary school studies were completed, he entered the Spanish Infantry Academy. He graduated with high distinction; and his first important campaign was in Morocco, where he served from 1912 until 1917. He became a Captain in 1913, and some three years later he was raised to the fank of Major. From Major he advanced to Deputy - Commander, and from Deputy-Commander to Commander; from Commander to Lieutenant-General; from Lieutenant-General to Brigadier; from Brigadier to Captain-General; from Captain-General to Commander-in-Chief; from Commander-in-Chief to Head of State and finally to General of the National Armies. As all the world knows, it was he who valiantly led his forces in the grim struggle against the Reds in the autumn of 1936, and it was he who succeeded in crushing the agents of the Kremlin who aimed at securing political sway in the Spain which was so dear to the heart of Franco.

JUST what sort of a man is this Spanish ruler?

" To look at," writes Arthur Loveday, " he is of medium height, handsome, dark-eyed and -haired, with a small military moustache, and somewhat bald on the forehead. His eye is bright, clear and smiling, and he has those outward signs of greatness—tranquillity, imperturbability, with plenty of time at his disposal to discuss matters at leisure with the foreign visitor, even at the time when he had on his shoulders a thousand miles of battle front, and the re-building of the Spanish State."

Is he one of those men who have gained ascendancy over men's hearts and hopes through the mere stroke of circumstances? Is he one of those people whose meteoric rise to power has resulted from what one might describe as " a mere fluke "?

Far from it. Franco has long-since proved himself to be an astute statesman, and he had previously shown himself to be a brave and able soldier. As Diego Hidalgo, Republican War Minister, so aptly observes, " he possesses in a high degree all the military qualities, and his activities and capacities for work, his clear judgment, his understanding and his culture, are always ready for the call to arms. Of his qualities the greatest is his concentration on examining, analysing, enquiring and developing problems, a carefulness which impels him to be minute in details, exact in service, correct in observation, strict and demanding in discipline, and at the same time understanding, calm and devoted. . . "

DOES Franco revel in the position of responsibility which he now occupies? In an interview with Mr. Constantine Brown, correspondent to the U.S. " Evening Star," Franco declared that he is " a man who has never harboured ambition for power or command."

" Ever since my youth," he continued, " life has subjected me to hard tests. I have had to fill posts of command and responsibility much beyond the capacity of my years and experience. But I am a man with a strong sense of responsibility and duty, and duty is something bound up with the conscience of every man. If I believed that it was imperative in the interests of my country that I should resign my position, I should do so immediately and joyfully, since, for me, a position of command is always a duty and a sacrifice. . . "

Is it true that the Franco regime has destroyed the freedom which is so dear to the heart of the average Spaniard? One has only to wander through the streets of Vigo and

Cordova, Toledo and Madrid and Barcelona to understand that liberty still grows and flourishes in these towns and cities.

Franco himself would be the very last person who would wish to put an end to God-given freedom.

"I would make so bold as to say," he observed to Mr. Constantine Brown, "that of all the European nations, Spain is today that which is best-off in most respects. Though you may hear it with scepticism, your own observations will confirm my assertion that the Spanish people enjoy many more liberties than most of the nations of Central and Eastern Europe. The only limitations placed on liberty are those imposed by the maintenance of order. We cannot forget that disorder puts an end to all liberties."

HOW do the Spanish people look upon Franco? For the most part, they admire him for the skill which he displayed in putting an end to Communist activities in Spain, and are grateful to him for having given their country a settled form of government. The Spanish nation numbers some of the most fervent Catholics in the world, and the memory of how perilously close the country was to Red domination makes them respect the man who was so largely responsible for preserving the religion which is one of the grandest heirlooms in the treasure-house of Spain.

In "Spain and the West" Hamish Fraser gives us a clear idea of why the real Spain rallied to Franco's standard in the dark days of 1936 and why it has remained at his side ever since.

"Spain was the country chosen by the Kremlin as a sociological laboratory wherein the formula of a 'people's democracy' was first put to the test," writes Mr. Fraser. "Spain was not slow to react. The heroism of traditional Spain, combined with the apathy and indifference of those Spaniards whom the Kremlin endeavoured to enslave, made it impossible for the new Soviet technique to succeed within the Iberian Peninsula."

What are Franco's personal views on Communism? They are so crystal-clear that every intelligent man and woman should be able to understand them. He regards Communism as a scourge which the Prince of Devils has devised to plague mankind.

"That Communists do not like us is understandable," he remarked to Mr. Constantine Brown: "we reciprocate this dislike."

AND to keep Spain free from the yoke of Communist thraldom Franco would freely and willingly shed the last drop of his heart's blood and count the sacrifice well worthwhile.

For Franco is a devoted child of the Catholic Church. His piety is fervent, but unostentatious. He is regular in his attendance at Mass and the Sacraments. His religion is not just a cloak to be worn on Sundays and to be relegated to the background on all other days of the week. Here is a man who carries his Catholicism about with him—as every sincere Catholic should—and who endeavours to put his religious principles into practice every hour of the day.

The services which Franco has rendered to the cause of Catholicism in Spain cannot easily be enumerated. He has given back the ecclesiastical property which was previously confiscated. He has restored the privileges of the clergy which had hitherto been undermined. He has made the teaching of religion compulsory in schools, colleges and universities. On August 27, 1953, he concluded his famous Concordat with the Vatican, and the award which he values most highly is the insignia of the Supreme Order of Christ which was conferred on him by Pope Pius XII. A highly significant commendation.

NEXT to Franco's devotion to the One True Church is his patriotism. He loves Spain with a deep and passionate love. He glories in the fame which the Spanish people achieved in the past, and he understands that both in the present and the future the inhabitants of the Iberian Peninsula must inevitably have an important role to play.

"The Spaniards are a healthy and strong nation," he told Mr. Constantine Brown, "full of good will towards others, but sensitive to insult and injustice. . . Even if we are not a great nation, or one powerful in war, we are an ancient and civilized people who have rendered to the world too many and too great services to take kindly to being treated with such injustice. . ."

FRANCO is too great a Spaniard to be content to allow the country which he loves to remain a republic for ever. From the annals of history he recalls the glorious days of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Charles V and Philip II, and he therefore regards the present regime as no more than a safe passage from one epoch to another. Deep in his heart he cherishes the hope that, before he dies, the monarchy may be restored and that the royal heir to the throne of Spain will wield the sceptre of his illustrious ancestors.

Meanwhile, Franco carries on the good work which the Will of an All-Knowing God has entrusted to his care. And, meanwhile, all friends of Spain who judge his work with honesty and impartiality will pray that he who was privileged to save his country in her hour of peril will be enabled to bring his aims and endeavours to a grand and glorious conclusion.

Things I Notice About You—

You Healthy Person

by NEMO

IT does me good to look at you. There is something so right about your upright bearing, your firm step, the glow of health on your skin.

● You keep yourself fit. I feel sure you do not eat too much, nor drink to excess. You probably take exercise. You know the value of fresh air. You breathe deeply.

Good. That's the way I like to see you.

THE schoolgirl or schoolboy, bright-faced, setting out to meet the day. The young people, heading for office or factory with brisk steps. The older people, not quite so spry perhaps, but steadily making their ways, to their various tasks, their faces quite cheerful.

THERE are also those amazing people who like a mid-winter dip in the sea or a cold shower, no matter what the weather.

★ And there are the ones who do physical jerks in the mornings.

★ Early mornings also see the athlete in training doing his particular form of keeping in trim.

★ It is very heartening to see healthy and active youth and hale and hearty age.

THE country that has a healthy population is blessed. Health is one of God's best gifts.

★ He made a wonderful mechanism when He made the human body. He made it perfect.

● But just as a child can upset his digestion or even bring on serious illness by eating something that is not good for him, so Eve brought ills into the world and we are no longer the perfect beings God made us.

THERE are many people indeed who never know the blessing of good health, who will never step out briskly to meet the morning sun. Illness is a sad sight in our eyes.

★ But our eyes do not always see very clearly.

● Maybe the young girl who will never put one foot past the other is healthier than you, Miss, as you pedal on your bicycle at the rate of no-man's-business along a sunlit road.

● Maybe the invalid boy is in far better trim than the cross-country runner.

LOOK at you, you well-built, strong-limbed young man, and I see a picture of health. But I can only look **at** you, not **within** you.

God looks deeper.

HE did not give you a body only. He gave you a soul.

★ When I say, "How are you?" I mean "how are you in health, how are you doing?"

★ God looks. He does not need to ask.

● Does He see a healthy soul as well as a healthy body? Or does He turn from the glowing picture of bodily health to look with joy on the glowing soul of a helpless cripple?

It could happen.

MAYBE there is a soul sick to death in the healthy body. Or maybe just a thankless heart that never feels grateful to the Giver of the gift of health.

★ It is not my business to pry into your status in the sight of God. Indeed I would be better occupied in studying how I myself stand, and feeling very humble about it.

BUT if I notice that the swift runner on the sportsfield kneels frequently at the altar I can say, surely, that I am beholding one who is healthy in soul and body and can add: "Thank God!"

● And if the girl whose wholesome charm and grace of movement are noticed in the dance-hall slips, unnoticed, into early Mass of a morning, here too is a healthy human being, heart and soul in good trim.

★ Sir or madam, lad or lassie, may I enquire, "How are you?"

● But no—I have no right.

● Tell you what—ask yourself, will you?

● It's your business—serious business. HOW ARE YOU?

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Newtownards, Co. Down	FF. Cronan, Damian and John Francis
Portstewart, Co. Antrim	Fr. Conleth
Ligoniel, Belfast	Fr. Paulinus
Ballinahinch, Co. Down	FF. Malachy, Damian and Vincent Mary
Glassdrummond, Co. Down	FF. Daniel and Conleth
Hilltown, Co. Down	FF. Hubert and Reginald
Abbeyleix, Co. Laois	FF. Fintan, Martin and James
Boyle, Co. Roscommon	FF. Arthur and Clarence
Conna, Co. Cork	FF. Dermot and James
St. Joachim's, Carmyle, Glasgow	Fr. Aloysius
St. Winnin's, Kilwinning, Ayrshire	Fr. Ultan
Prestonpans and Wallyford	FF. Ambrose and Alban
Haggardstown, Dundalk, Co. Louth	FF. Alphonsus and Raphael
Donore, Drogheda, Co. Louth	Fr. Luke
Corick, Cootehill, Co. Cavan	FF. Dominic and Eustace
Kinlough, Co. Leitrim	FF. John Francis and Ninian
Aughrim, Co. Wicklow	Fr. Jerome
Waterside, Derry	FF. Fabian, Pius and Neil
St. Mary's Cathedral, Kilkenny	FF. Timothy and Peter
St. Macartan's Cathedral, Monaghan	FF. Patrick and Paulinus
Athboy, Co. Meath	FF. Cronan, Enda and Athanasius
Tracton, Co. Cork	FF. Sebastian and Cormac
Dunsany, Co. Meath	FF. Malachy and Xavier
Lattin, Tipperary	FF. Aloysius, Philip and David
Avoca, Co. Wicklow	FF. Hilary and Ralph
Castleblayney, Co. Monaghan	FF. Reginald and Clarence
Ballyclare, Co. Antrim	Fr. Arthur
Downpatrick, Co. Down	FF. Martin and Luke
Drung, Co. Cavan	FF. Dominic and Enda
Ballinamore, Co. Leitrim	FF. Cronan and Damian
Barndarrig, Co. Wicklow	Fr. Fintan
Crossdoney, Co. Cavan	FF. Fabian and Cosmas
Leitrim, Banbridge, Co. Down	Fr. Salvian
Eglish, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone	Fr. Thomas
Barr, Jerretspass, Newry	Fr. Paulinus
Rasharkin, Co. Antrim	FF. Sebastian and Justinian
Cergy, St. Doulough's Park, Balgriffin, Co. Dublin	Fr. Dermot
Community, Mill Hill Fathers, Lochwinnoch	Fr. Ultan
do. Presentation Brothers, Bray	Fr. Cyril
do. Little Sisters of the Poor, Dundrum	Fr. Angelo
C.O.M., Convent of Mercy, Athlone	Fr. Clarence
do. do. Ballisodare, Co. Sligo	Fr. James
do. Reparation Convent, Merrion Sq., Dublin	Fr. Sylvius
do. do. Cork	Fr. Sebastian
do. Convent of Mercy, Goldenbridge, Dublin	Fr. Theophane
do. Presentation Convent, Turner's Cross, Cork	Fr. Hilary
do. St. Marie's of the Isle, Cork	Fr. Angelo
Enclosed Retrats : Boys, Youth Centre, N. Gt. George's St.	Fr. Clarence
Youth Club, Goldenbridge Convent	Fr. Dermot
Ravenswell, Bray (3 retreats)	Fr. Louis
The Cenacle, Killiney (3 retreats)	Fr. Louis

Applications for Missions or Retreats to be addressed to :—V. Rev. Fr. Provincial, C.P., St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.

SERIAL STORY

THE HAPPY HEARTS

By EILY McADAM

CHAPTER 5

The Story So Far—*Marion Davis, good-time girl, whose mother was a close friend of Aidan Carroll's mother, has come to Ireland from London in the hope of capturing Aidan as a husband. Eric Weldon who is interested in buying the business left by Marion's mother, comes to see her and is offered hospitality.*

MR. Carroll and the guest went off early to the lake, intent on getting a good day's fishing, and when Aidan arrived with Marion Davis and Nance Grey, after lunch, he found the two fishermen in great spirits, with already half-a-dozen fair-sized trout between them and in the act of enjoying a solid lunch-basket, on the bank of the lake.

Eric Weldon jumped up and came forward to meet the arrivals and help the girls ashore. Nance Grey sprang lightly out of the boat, but Marion made quite a little ceremony of disembarking while Nance went over to Mr. Carroll.

"You did great," she said.

"Not too bad," he conceded.

But Eric Weldon was lyrical. "This country is a paradise," he exclaimed.

"Sure, can't you see the angels," Aidan laughed, with an eye at the two girls.

"Where does that leave you?" his father asked laughing.

"I dunno. Maybe I'm the serpent, only it wouldn't be fair. Himself had only one woman to get round. Here's me with two."

"You could manage a dozen," Mr. Carroll hazarded.

Nance was talking to Eric Weldon, when Marion suggested to Aidan that they should have a walk along the lakeside. He assented at once.

"We're going for a bit of a walk," he called to the others.

While they followed the curving lake shore Marion managed to stumble now and again.

"Give me your hand," Aidan suggested, "I forget you're not used to the country."

"No. I'm not used to it," she answered softly, "and soon I'll have to leave it all again and—go back."

The last two words sounded as if she were being returned to a prison cell.

"But sure London must be a great place?"—Aidan's voice held a note of surprised enquiry.

"There is no happiness like this in London," she told him and stopped to look out over the shimmering lake, her hand still in his.

"Everyone here is happy," she added, dreamily, "What makes you so happy?"

"Good consciences, maybe," he declared gaily, not aware that she was working up a soulful atmosphere. He laughed as he added, "Funny you should say that. There's a crowd of us—the boys I mean—go around together and the Duke McGovern calls us the Happy Hearts. Poor old Duke, he'd be happier if he wasn't so fond of the drink."

SHE was silent for a moment, baffled. Then she looked up at him and slow tears came into her eyes.

"You see, I'm so alone. You have parents, friends—"

He patted her shoulder awkwardly, "Don't be crying, girl. We'll see can we make you feel happier before we're finished with you. But come now, cheer up. We'll have to go back to the others."

She choked back a sob.

"Aidan, I can't go back to the others yet, I am too upset. Stay with me a few minutes."

"I'm sorry, Marion," he answered, with deep distress in face and voice, "I didn't know you were feeling so badly."

In his state of distress, he failed to hear the sound of approaching footsteps and voices.

THE girl heard them but gave no sign. Then, just as she heard Nance Grey's voice, at some little distance, exclaim that there they were, Marion acted. With the impulsive gesture of a frightened child she put her head against Aidan's shoulder and sobbed. Gently, he put his arm round her and soothed her.

"Sure you needn't go away for a good while yet." His tone lightened as he added, "Indeed maybe you'll be tired of us and glad to go."

And then Marion exclaimed, "Nance!" and swung round to face the girl who had arrived in advance of the men.

"We thought we'd come and find you," Nance Grey said quietly. "They are anxious to begin fishing again."

"Yes, of course. How selfish of us," Marion said and the bright smile she turned on the two men who had come on the scene derived an emotional quality from the traces of recent tears in her eyes.

Eric Weldon noticed nothing, but Aidan's father wondered, with an odd sinking feeling of the heart, what the two had been talking about.

Nance Grey's face clouded for a moment, and then she told herself that if Aidan had come to prefer Marion Davis it was only to be expected ; the girl was lovely, her golden hair glinting in the sun, her face gentle. But, somehow her heart refused to accept the idea that Aidan would so lightly turn from her. She gave no sign of the ache that was in her heart as she walked between her employer and his guest back to the boat.

MARION sat trailing dainty fingers in the water' saying little and looking dreamy as Aidan rowed the boat across the placid lake.

The special smile she gave him when he helped her out was not lost on Nance but she was still only puzzled, still unconvinced that Aidan had transferred his affections. And yet, her brave heart argued, wouldn't it be better so ? Marion would marry him if he asked her. Indeed, perhaps he had asked her ?—while she herself was not free to marry because of her father's unreliable, happy-go-lucky attitude and obvious inability to make provision for the younger ones at home. Then she felt again that ache at her heart. What would life be like without Aidan Carroll's friendship, which she would lose if he married the girl from London ? Sternly, she told herself she had no right to think of him at all. She could not desert those who depended on her. She could not marry him.

" You're very quiet, Nance," Aidan remarked as they drove homeward.

" Sleepy with fresh air," she replied smilingly.

The fresh air had, apparently, livened Marion Davis up. She chattered about the day's outing and sympathised with Nancy's supposed tiredness.

" Customers can be very trying," she observed, " I know it. Of course, you can imagine how fussy women are when they are buying clothes. You can't blame them really. The right clothes make such a difference."

AIDAN laughed. " Do they ? I never notice what a woman is wearing."

" Do you hear that, Nancy ! " Marion exclaimed, " We go to all the trouble to look nice and he never even notices."

" Indeed, Nancy doesn't bother her head much about dress I'm sure," Aidan interpolated.

" Well, of course, in this country it doesn't matter so much. I mean—well—the women don't dress awfully well—I know they look very attractive, all the same but—"

Nance said quietly, " For one thing, we haven't the money and, for another thing, I don't think it's right to be spending all the time that's spent on clothes. You'd think nothing was important but to be nice."

" You're right, Nance. I'll not say I don't like a girl to be good-looking." He paused to laugh lightly, " Would I be here with the pair of you if I didn't know a good-looking girl when I saw one. But there's more to it than looks. A girl has to be good—and—and kind as well."

Had Aidan Carroll seen the fury in Marion's eyes at that moment, he would have been startled.

How dare he—she was thinking—how dare he compare her with that shopgirl in the year-before-last's cotton frock. It suited her, of course but look at it, a washed-out pale blue rag. . .

Nance said firmly, " You're only saying that, Aidan, in the kindness of your heart. You'd have to be blind not to notice that Miss Davis has lovely clothes."

Aidan Carroll turned it all into a laugh. " Heaven help me," he said, " with two women on my hands and trying to please them both. If I had any one of you I'd be telling her that for beauty and elegance she had the rest of Ireland beat but with two of you "—Playfully, he accelerated to a high speed, " The sooner I get home, the safer I'll be " he declared.

" Not if we all end with our necks broken," Nance protested gaily.

MARION said nothing. She was busy trying to make some meaning out of Aidan's idle talk. She did not know that he was merely talking to keep himself from speaking his real thoughts, to keep himself from telling Nance Grey that he would rather have her in rags and tatters than any other woman in the world, even if that other was the queen of beauty and dressed in cloth-of-gold.

Marion went on thinking hard until they stopped at the end of a country lane.

" I live up here," Nance said, " Good-bye, now " —She turned to Aidan, as he opened the door o the car for her, " That was a lovely day out," she told him, and adding, " See you in the morning," she went towards the laneway.

Marion's face brightened, as Aidan restarted the car. Of course, how silly she was not to see why he said he never noticed women's clothes—it was to avoid hurting Nance Grey's feelings. He couldn't very well say anything else or the girl would know he noticed her shabby clothes.

When they stopped at Carroll's gate and he opened the car door, she said archly : " But you do notice clothes, all the same. It was nice of you to say you don't."

" Nice ? " he queried, puzzled.

" Well, naturally, Nance would have known you notice that she is not well-dressed, if you admitted you have an eye for women's clothes."

" That wouldn't signify," he answered, " Sure it makes no difference to me what Nance wears."

She misunderstood his meaning. So he did not care for Nance Grey, she thought to herself. He was admitting as much. Her mind went back to the evening when she had come on them together in the shop. There had been something going on, some sort of emotional scene. Oh probably he was just fooling the girl or else Nance Gray was in love with him and he did not want her. She thought of what he had said, " A girl must be good—and kind.' Was there a meaning in that ? She curled a scornful lip. On which point had Nance Gray failed ? she wondered cynically. Well, anyhow, she had Aidan Carroll's own admission that Nance Gray meant nothing to him.

" I'm dead tired," she said and put out her hand towards him.

" I suppose you are. You're not fit for the gallivanting we do. Here, hold on to me."

He gave her his arm, as they went up the path towards the house.

Mrs. Carroll glanced out of the window and saw them. To her own surprise she found herself thinking, " I hope he's not getting fond of her."

(To be continued)

National Film Institute Ratings

cinema guide

G.A. *Suitable for General Audiences*

A.A. *Suitable for Adult Audiences*

O.P. *Objectionable in part*

O. *Objectionable*

BARBER OF SEVILLE, THE: Musically and visually this is satisfying entertainment suitable for all. (G.A.)

BIG BIRTHDAY, THE: Good clean fun for the most part but not everyone will think a nit-wit of eighty a suitable subject for comedy, while the lawyer's suggestion that his client should perjure himself, even though lightly made and not acted upon, is offensive and does no credit to the legal profession. (G.A.)

CAPTAIN'S TABLE, THE: The usual competent British team in a very mixed comedy. Full of the standard type of double-meaning jokes but the farcical atmosphere will take the sting out of some sequences which otherwise might have been regarded as objectionable. (A.A.)

CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE: Standard Frankenstein story made more gruesome by Eastman color. (A.A.)

FRONTIER GUN: Average Western entertainment. (G.A.)

HELL'S FIVE HOURS: A crazy, mixed-up boy threatens to blow up a large plant which makes a secret rocket fuel. The suspense would have been more plausible if less drawn out. (G.A.)

HORSE'S MOUTH, THE: Alec Guinness is as entertaining as ever as the eccentric painter who lives solely for his art. A courageous effort, thought provoking, complex and often obscure. This is not intended to be straight comedy and we should not expect to be kept laughing throughout. The dialogue and a few visuals make this adult fare. (A.A.)

IN LOVE AND WAR: Grim battle scenes, off duty drinking bouts, sex talk and far from innocent amorous interludes. Well directed, and acted, this is a harrowing account of the evils of war. (A.A.)

LEFT-HANDED GUN, THE: From the life of 'Billy the Kid' comes this sordid story of death and revenge. Quite different from the legend. (A.A.)

LOURDES AND ITS MIRACLES: Excellent documentary film on Lourdes, intelligently and objectively handled. Should not be missed. (G.A.)

OPERATION AMSTERDAM: A secret mission was sent from London to Amsterdam in May, 1940 to save from the advancing Germans the city's stock of industrial diamonds. Plenty of tension and excitement here. (G.A.)

QUANTRILL'S RAIDERS: Average American Civil War Western. (G.A.)

RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE, THE: Light, amusing comedy telling of the efforts of an English stepmother (Kay Kendall) to launch her American stepdaughter in the London "season." Dialogue occasionally indelicate but adults and adolescents could take it in their stride. (G.A.)

ROOTS OF HEAVEN, THE: Trevor Howard, as a fanatical nature-lover, uses all means—short of total war—to protect herds of elephant from commercial hunters. The atmosphere is entertainingly mad and some of the colour photography is splendid. Good and interesting. (G.A.)

SON OF ROBIN HOOD: We have the castle with its dungeons of torture, and all the rest, but we have little of the excitement that we have come to expect. (G.A.)

STREETS OF LAREDO, THE: Re-issue of a first-class Western in Technicolor. (G.A.)

SWAMP WOMEN: The exploits of five glamorous but ruthless women gangsters trying to trace stolen diamonds in a swamp Hardly entertainment even for an adult audience (A.A.)

THREE CAME HOME: Semi-documentary on Japanese prisoner-of-war camps in Borneo. It is war seen through the eyes of a woman, who went through it and it emphasises the woman's suffering rather than that of the man. The acting is at a high level throughout. (G.A.)

UNION PACIFIC: Excitement and comedy run smoothly through this tale of the construction of the Union Pacific Railway. A worth-while re-issue. (G.A.)

VIOLENT ROAD: Similar in theme to "The Wages of Fear" and, though not of the same high technical standard, has plenty of excitement and suspense. Concerns the journey over mountainous roads of three lorries loaded with high explosive. Many exciting incidents and heroic deeds. (G.A.)

AFRICA

FOR CHRIST

OUR MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES

MAY —

—WE REMIND YOU

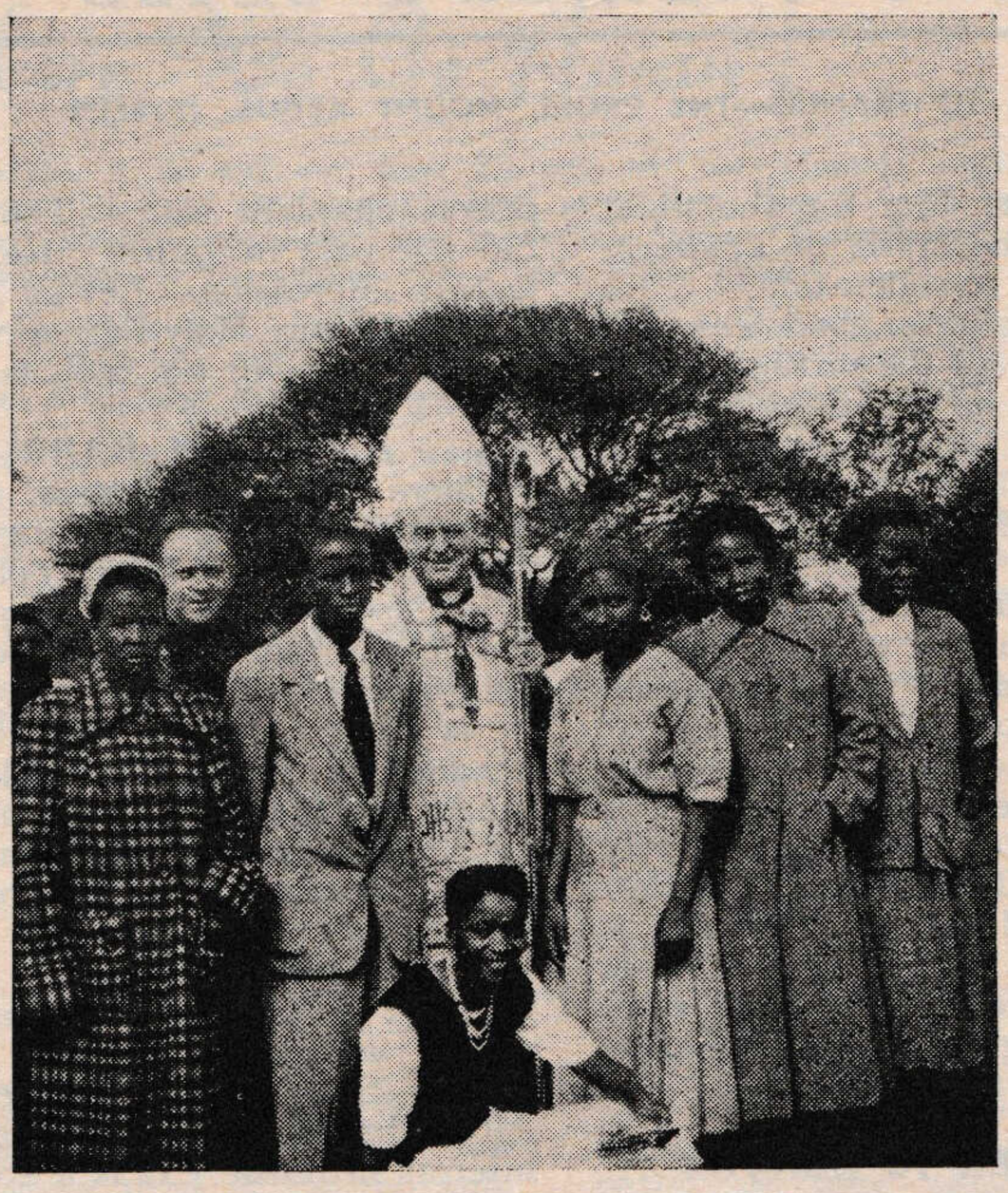
(1)

as you look at this picture that it is Maytime in Africa as in Europe. There, too, at this time of the year the spirit of Mary moves with a new power within the hearts of her children. May Queens are crowned with garlands of exotic African blooms. The rhythm of her Litany sanctifies the sound of tribal dialects, not too long ago completely pagan. And African girls walk in the footsteps of an African Madonna.

—WE REMIND YOU

(2)

that May is First Communion month all over the world. It means that Christ comes to young hearts when they are most easily stirred by the gentle memory of His Mother. She prepares the table and the guest for the Feast of the Eucharist. And as at Cana she has an eye too, for the First Communion Breakfast. In Africa that means cauldrons such as these; and such cooks; and mealies in the sun.



—WE REMIND YOU (3)

of the day you met your Bishop (perhaps for the first time) on the day of your Confirmation. Whit Sunday should recall to you the great outpouring of the Holy Ghost you received at his hands that day. Pray that the Faithful everywhere—but especially in Mission Lands—may remain close to the person of their Bishop, like these African Teachers.

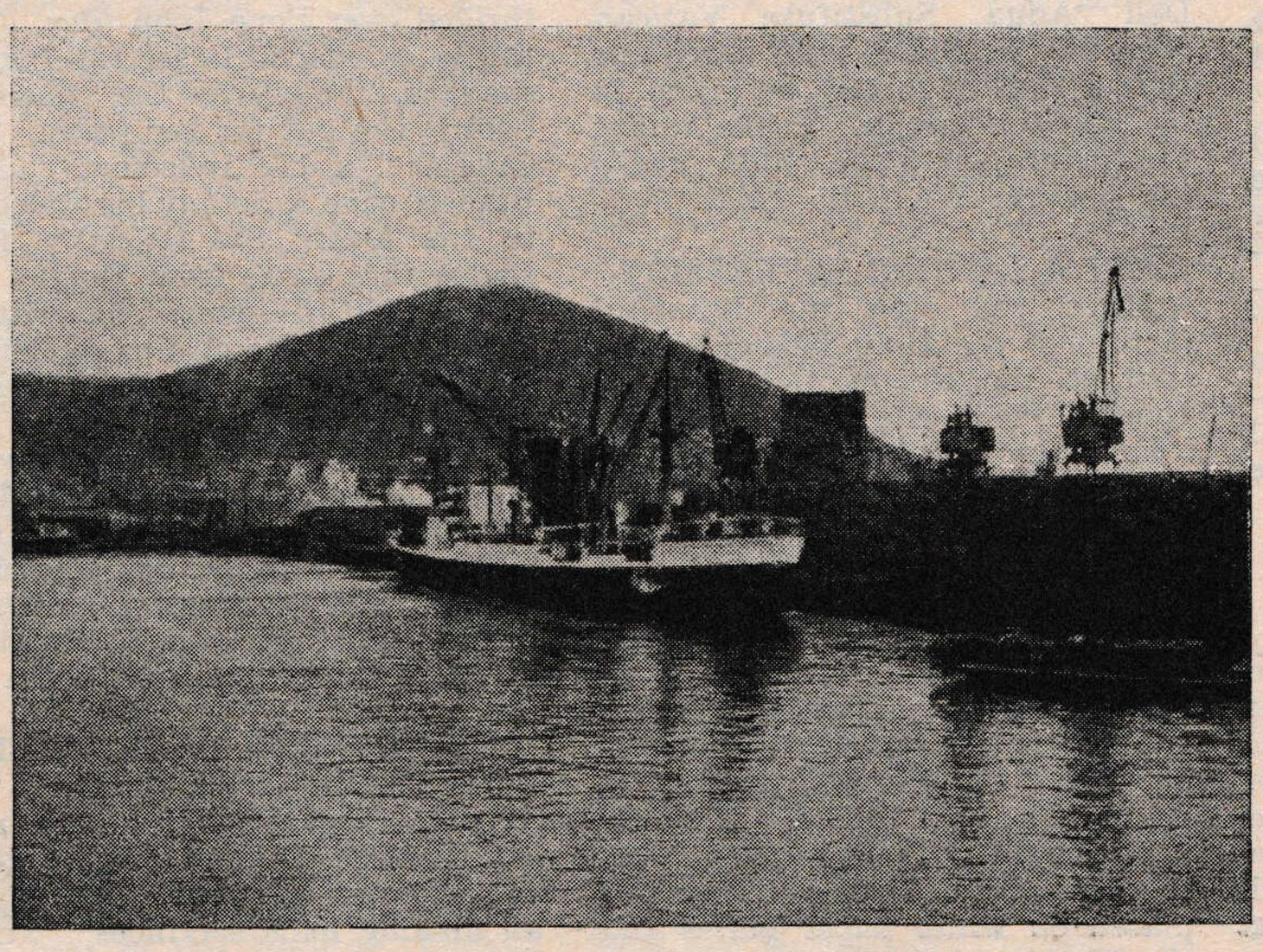
—WE REMIND YOU

(5)

TO USE THIS FORM OF BEQUEST WHEN DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

●

I give and bequeath to the Rev. Father Procurator, Passionist African Missions, Passionist Fathers, St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin the sum of ..... Pounds, on trust, to be used in Ireland for the purposes of their work. And if I should die within three months from the date of this my will, I give and bequeath the said sum of ..... Pounds to the Provincial for the time being of the Passionist Fathers, St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin, absolutely.



—WE REMIND YOU

(4)

from the deck of this Union Castle Steamer and under the shadow of Table Mountain in Cape Town, that Passionist Missionaries come and go year by year between here and there bearing the good tidings of the Gospel. Last month Father Killian and Father Paul Mary came home. By the end of the year more Fathers, Brothers and Sisters will go to swell the ranks in Bechuanaland. Be generous and help them in their work.

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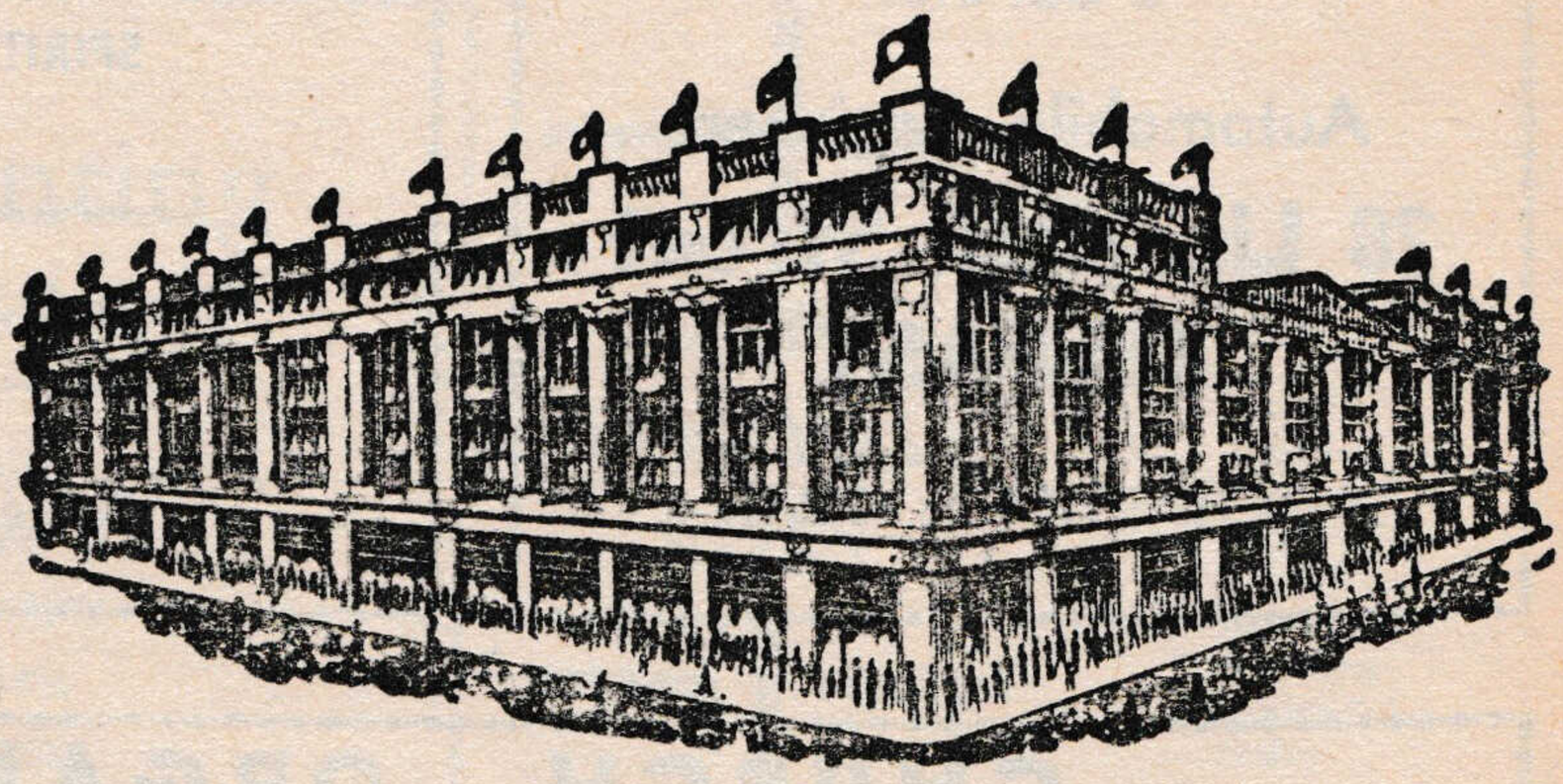

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SAINT GABRIEL'S GUILD

◆ LETTERS TO FRANCIS—THE CROSS, MOUNT ARGUS, DUBLIN. ◆

My dear Gabriels,

Now we are in the happy month of May, the fairest and most fragrant time of year, when new life enters into our hearts, inspiring us with an active devotion to the Mother of God. Everywhere in the world, wherever Christ's Church has its foundations, devotions are held in honour of the Virgin Mary. All her loving children of every race flock to her shrines to pay her homage in song and praise. St. Gabriel, our patron, calls to us to have an extra reverence for Mary this month, knowing that her Divine Son is always pleased when we honour His Mother. Remember, my young friends, that there is no more wholesome or more beautiful influence than that exerted by devotion to Our Lady.

Our holy Mother is always watching over us with the kindest solicitude, protecting and guarding all who seek her aid. She cares especially for little children and keeps them from harm. To the student and the troubled, the sick and sorrowful she gives help and leads them to success in life.

In one of his letters, St. Gabriel says: "Oh, I beg of you by the love you ought to have for your soul, never leave off, no never—cost what it may—practising devotion towards the Blessed Virgin." May Saint Gabriel teach us how to reach the heart of Mary Immaculate through our Maytime recital of Mary's favourite prayer—the Holy Rosary.

WITH HIS OWN BLESSED HANDS

As time goes on our new Pope John XXIII is endearing himself more and more to his children. All hearts go out to him with veneration and love. From the moment that he was elected Pope his beautiful kindly spirit seemed to embrace the world. In closing the Conclave and keeping all the Cardinals with him for the night he showed the spirit of kindness, hospitality, consideration. He believes in giving good example by practising all the virtues, works of mercy, so he found his way to the hospital wards and to the prison where his comforting presence brought peace and joy to sufferers.

Little children knew his thoughtfulness and charity when he handed them gifts during the holy season "with his own blessed hands," as one of the poor Mothers said.

Now in the month of May it is not too late to tell a lovely Christmas tale of Pope John for the Spirit of the Christ Child is ever fresh, ever new. When Francis came across this story Francis thought the Guild members would relish it.

A LETTER TO HEAVEN

In a certain part of Italy a seven-year-old boy named Stephen Palucci wrote a letter to the Infant Jesus, Streets of Heaven. In this letter, the report says, "he asked for help for his father and for his little brothers. Through a series of circumstances the letter found its way to Rome and finally to the desk of Pope John XXIII. On Christmas Eve Bishop Augusto Cranfrancestiri of Ceseria received a letter from Archbishop Angelo Dell 'Aqua, Substitute Vatican Secretary of State, with a request that a sum of money be given to the Paolucci family. So the Infant Jesus through Pope John heard the prayer of a little child."

LEFT A LASTING IMPRESSION

Have you seen the beautiful picture of the Holy Father on his visit to the Regina Coeli prison, Rome? He is seen passing through a line of humbly kneeling prisoners, who, with clasped hands, gaze on him in reverent respect. Two weeks later these prisoners, whom he consoled, got on the Feast of the Epiphany a dinner of roast chicken with the compliments of His Holiness. Zealandia states the dinner was served by members of the Congregation of the Daughters of Charity. Usually prisoners take their meals off tin plates, but the Pope's dinner was placed on white paper plates and the wine in white paper cups. The prison chaplain said "The Pope did not pass in vain." He left a lasting impression. Let us all try to be like our Holy Father who is so Christ-like in his actions.

A GOLDEN HARP

There are many letters. **Mary Coughlan** writes a charming letter from England. "I was delighted to get my book-prize—'Louis and the 9th Crusade'—and I enjoyed it very much" she says. "I think it is very appropriate for me because at home in Ireland I am taught by the St. Louis nuns and I am glad to know more about their patron Saint." Hope you will be soon back in Ireland, Mary. Welcome to our nook, **Gretta Murphy.** You are a promising writer, a credit to your great school—St. Joseph's, Lanesboro. All young people ought to take an interest in music. It is a splendid accomplishment and one need never be lonely or unhappy when one has a love of this uplifting art. Glad to get nice letter from Dingle friends—**Clair Healy, Deirdre Healy, Ursula Walsh, John Moriarty, Mary Moriarty, Mary Lundon, Jim Lundon** and **Mary Higgins.** How did you all like "The Coronation of Pope John" film? Francis thought it magnificent, waited for two showings and was nearly ejected from the cinema! **Mary Keaney** is thrilled over Pope John film. "It will be wonderful to see the Pope," she says, She enjoyed the "exciting book" she got for her prize. She gave it "a big welcome." And Francis gave a doubly big welcome to the lovely St. Patrick's Day Badge that came from Dingle. It was delightful—green silk with a golden harp. Its strains of Dingle music are still sounding like a blessing in the den. Grateful for Easter greetings from my loving little friends — **Jim** and **Mary Lundon, Ann, Mary** and **John Moriarty, Ursula Walsh, Geraldine Smith, Mary Keaney, Patricia O'Sullivan, Romaine Rouiller.** God's blessings be with them!

NEW SHRINE IN CLONMEL

The children of Our Lady of the Angels school, Clonmel, are real little angels. They are so good and Mission-minded. "We are all making little sacrifices," writes **Noreen O'Mahony**, "such as giving

Here We Go Again !

Believe it or not our Bank Cartoon has not appeared since January, when at the commencement of a New Year I wrote a little paragraph containing the mysterious word ' letsbeginagain-letsbeginagain '. The caption was ' Let's Begin Again '.

I said then, that I had sent 10,000 Pings to the Wobbs from you in 1958 and had already 493 towards our 1959 total. Last month I revealed that this figure had then eggs-panded to 3,493.

Now in May the mysterious word is 'herewegoagainherewegoagain'. Here we go what again ? Gathering nuts (pings, bawbees and coppers too) in May. Scobriga—the elusive brigade from Earlsfort Terrace—turned in 120 with a promise of more : The Lady of the Veil (Belfast) sent me 432 from B. Hughes, which she said were the mission savings of a ' working man '.

Total to date is 4,045. Can we make it 12,000 by Mission Sunday in October ?

There we go again ! We Wobbs.

God Love You All,

MISSION EDITOR.

up sweets and pictures and going to Mass every morning. I am always very tired in the morning, but all the same I manage to struggle out of bed with one leap." Noreen has the grit and strength of character of which great people are made. Everyone in Clonmel is busy tidying up the town because we should like to win the prize for the neatest town," says **Eleanor Fennessy.** " All the shop-keepers are painting their doors. Some people are hanging out flowers in little wire baskets." Francis is hoping to hear good results of the Competition with Clonmel in prize list. **Ann Williams** says they are " trying to keep the town tidy by not throwing papers anywhere." All towns should follow Clonmel's example. **Marie Hannon** thinks " the town has a fair chance of winning the prize." In the Friary in Clonmel we have a beautiful new shrine to St, Anthony," says **Patricia Hackett.** " It is not opened yet, but it is going to be lovely." Good St. Anthony is sure to see that the town shines in the light of Heaven. Say the Divine Praises in honour of the Wonder Worker of Padua and he will do wonders for you, Patricia. That is a great idea about the Silver Circle to help the new school, **Lily Byrne.** " There is a terrible storm out that would blow you to Kingdom come," wails **Anita Cummins** and **Mary F. Burke** sees " a wind that would blow you to the Moon." Lucky Francis is far away rambling around Mount Argus in the golden sunshine. Francis sees a great patch of blue cloud over the Monastery and rejoices to think that Our Lady often spreads her cloak over the home of St. Gabriel's Passionists. At the celebration of Mount Argus Centenary Francis beheld the most beautiful blue sky imaginable shimmering over the Church and Retreat. Mount Argus is dear to Our Lady. How many of our boy members would like to be Passionists sharing in the heavenly joy and peace that fill the souls of those who follow Christ in the Passionist Congregation of St. Paul of the Cross ? Our Pope John XXIII was but eleven years of age when he desired to be a priest. Think about it, boys, and ask God to make you worthy of the grandest of graces—a vocation to the glorious priesthood.

At the last moment **Christine Campbell** arrives. She is an old time member who writes most interesting accounts of her school, Mount Lourdes—and of other things. Francis is delighted to hear from her and to know she has such a high appreciation of THE CROSS and its various articles and the serial. Christine says too : " I think the new Services in Lent are beautiful. Our late Holy Father, Pope Pius XII was a wonderful man. Although I never saw him I still cannot believe that he has gone. Yet his writings will be with us forever." He will surely help you in heaven, Christine, if you ask him. Keep on writing to the Guild. A fine essay which began with " Music ! Music ! " was unsigned. All work should have the writer's name, otherwise disqualified.

The following competitors are highly commended for excellent work : **Marie O'Dowd, Peggy O'Shea, Sheila Davern, Christine Campbell, Ann Ward, Maureen McEvoy, Gretta Murphy, Mary Harding, Agnes Neligan, Maureen Cantwell, Patricia Hackett, Mary Frances Burke, Deirdre Healy, Nora Pollard, Anita Cummins, Mary Higgins, Maire Aghas, Geraldine Smith, Teresa Ashe, Mary Graham, Kathleen Tobin, Noreen O'Mahony, Eleanor Fennessy, Ann Williams, Pauline Fahy, Marie Butler, Marie Hannon, Rosemarie Sumner, Teresa Fitzgerald, Rosemarie Ryle.**

COMPETITION

(14—18)

ESSAY: **THE BOOKS IN MY LIBRARY**

(Under 14)

ESSAY: **A DAY IN THE HAYFIELD**

SEND BEFORE JUNE 1st

Francis awards prizes this month to :

MARIE O'DOWD, St. Joseph's Secondary School, Rathcline, Lanesboro, Co. Longford.

NUALA LYNCH, St. Joseph's School, Lanesboro, Co. Longford.

talking about books . . .

PARENTS' ROLE IN VOCATIONS. By Godfrey Poage, C.P. and John P. Treacy, Ph.D. Milwaukee : Bruce Publishing Co. pp. 132. $2.95.

We have just one quarrel with this timely volume : its title is somewhat too narrow. In point of fact the authors range over a wide field in that they discuss every aspect of family life and of child training from birth to adolescence. The book is of course all the better for this, since one cannot treat of parents' role in vocations without setting home life in its proper Christian focus. We feel sure that these pages will help powerfully to impress parents with the fact that in dealing with their children they traffic in immortality. The authors are not at all affrighted by inverted commas which they use at times with careless abandon. On page 59, for example, Shakespeare is made to speak of children who " drag themselves reluctantly to school " !

D.C.P.

A MEMOIR OF MY SISTER, ST. THERESE. By Sister Genevieve of the Holy Face (Celine Martin). Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. pp. 249. 15/-.

The Holy Bible apart, few religious books have been read as widely or as profitably as St. Therese's autobiography. But a self-portrait is not necessarily the most revealing likeness. That is why Sister Genevieve's MEMOIR is so heartily welcome. One can be captivated by the ' sweetness ' of THE STORY OF A SOUL while failing to see the vitality—we had almost said, the virility—of the saint. In the present volume, the heroic stature of THERESE is clearly outlined. Celine is partisan, to be sure, but never does she become less than frank. Several passages in the MEMOIR provide a rebuke for those who see in the saint's gentle, unquestioning acceptance of the divine will a justification of their own quietistic inclinations. Wholeheartedly **recommended.**

D.C.P.

HISTORY OF THE MASS. By Francois Amiot. London : Burns & Oates. pp. 139. 7/6d.

" The Mass is the very sacrifice of Christ, an extension of the sacrifice of Calvary, offered by the ministry of the Church." The present work is not a theological commentary on this statement. In fact it takes the truth of the latter for granted. It is Francois Amiot's endeavour to trace the fascinating history of the various prayers and ceremonies which today surround the great liturgical Act. These venerable formularies and actions are—in the words of the author—" deserving of our full attention by reason of their antiquity, beauty and their doctrinal and sanctifying power." Certain it is that this thoughtful study will enable us to approach the Holy Sacrifice with greater awe and deeper understanding.

D.C.P.

PETER'S BOAT. *A Convert's Experience of Catholic Living.* By Daphne D. C. Pochin Mould, B.Sc., Ph.D. Dublin : Clonmore & Reynolds. pp. 157. 12/6d.

Though Dr. Pochin Mould is a convert to Catholicism, this is not the story of her conversion. Rather is it a free-and-easy account of her first seven years in the Catholic Church. Six of those years have been spent in Ireland—which accounts for the fact that PETER'S BOAT has a distinctly Irish flavour. Because her guides along the way were Dominican Fathers, the volume is shot through with Dominicana. Being in the great tradition of Dominican Tertiaries, she found that nothing less than a complete dedication to God could satisfy her yearnings. Thus, " without ceremony, on St. Brendan's day in 1956, I vowed chastity for life." PETER'S BOAT is not everybody's book, but it will be an inspiration to the more sophisticated.

D.C.P.

TO BRIGHTER WORLDS. *Life of Brother Finbar, F.S.C.* By Brother Columban M. Cluderay, F.S.C. Dublin : Clonmore & Reynolds, Ltd. pp. 124. 8/6d.

Frankly we had never heard of Brother Finbar until this book came our way. The loss was ours It is, perhaps, part of the greatness of this noble De La Salle Brother that his name has to this day been far removed from the headlines. Born of Irish parents in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., in 1872, he lived there for little more than a year, and then, due to the illness of his father, came to Ireland and settled near Portarlington. From adolescence onwards, the story of his life is a tale of selfless dedication to God and to the least of God's children —youths committed to industrial schools for breaches of the law. Past pupils of St. Joseph's School, Longsight, Manchester, and of St. William's, Market Weighton, will long hold his name in benediction. Even the civil authorities recognised his sterling Christian worth, and gave their full approval to his revolutionary reforms in industrial school education. This great-souled Brother must surely stand as a shining model to all those whose high vocation it is to " instruct others unto justice."

D.C.P.

MINUTE MEDITATIONS. By J. E. Moffatt, S.J. Milwaukee : Bruce Publishing Co. pp. 146. $2.75.

This is just what it claims to be—a book of meditations each of which takes about one minute to read. Directed to laymen, it is full of sound Christian thought and practical applications. Even the busiest, most overwrought businessman can hardly claim that he cannot devote one minute per day to quiet prayerful reflection on the things that matter. A most helpful anthology.

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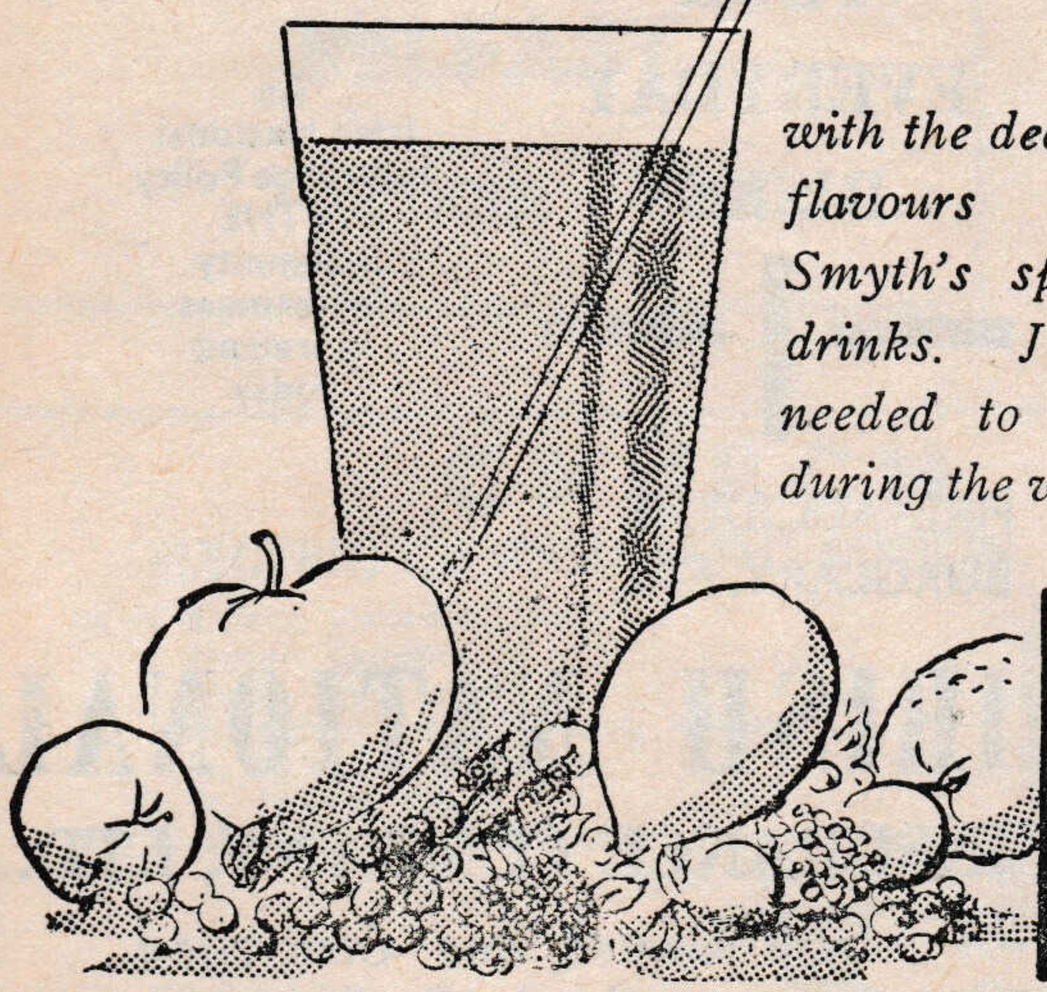

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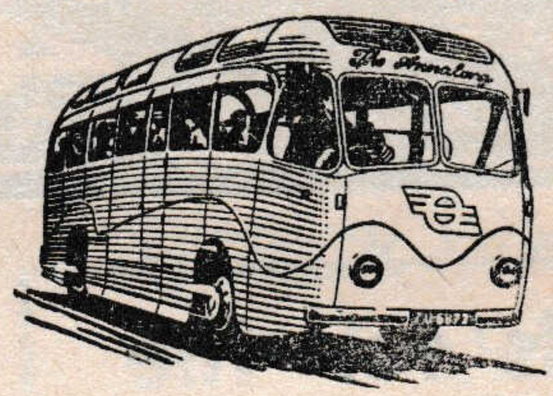

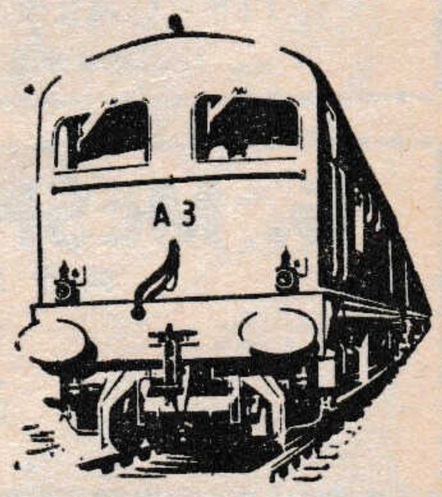

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EDITOR'S PAGE

BROAD-MINDEDNESS ?

SOME few weeks ago, telling observations were made by his Lordship of Galway, Most Rev. Dr. Browne, speaking at a Past Pupils' Union dinner. His discourse ranged over a wide variety of subjects—from the joys of Easter to Red propaganda, from the Russian peasant's belief in God to the Communist regime in China. All very remote from day-to-day Irish Catholic living? Not so, for we Catholics are members not merely of an organisation but of an organism, the Mystical Body of Christ. "No man is an island." Spiritually, therefore, as well as politically, the tide of human events ebbing and flowing at the ends of the earth is of concern to us. As members of Christ's Body, we are involved in the struggles of our Chinese brethren whose country has been foully plundered of its freedom by naked Communist violence.

It will be remembered that, last year, the question of Red China's admission to the United Nations was debated at a U.N. meeting. Our Irish representatives took part in the discussions. To be sure, they did not express themselves as being in favour of the Chinese Communists' admission to the U.N., but they did vote in favour of the proposition that their admission should be discussed. But surely if it is agreed that a question is open to discussion, there is the tacit admission that the question has two sides, either one of which may turn out to have something of merit. "Would it not be a strange thing," asks Dr. Browne, "for the representatives of a country that always claimed to be on the side of freedom to support the demand of aggressors, *even to support the idea of discussing it*? . . . It may be the fashion for those who worship the accomplished fact and who believe in force and so-called realism to ridicule . . . a nation holding out for principle, . . . but that has never been the attitude of Irishmen. When did it become the policy of an Irish government to recognise the fact of conquest *or even to support the very mention of such an action*? That is why our friends in America could not understand the attitude taken last year by the representatives of Ireland at the United Nations. . . Since the case of Burgess and MacLean it would appear that greater care must be taken by all countries that its representatives should sincerely believe in the moral and spiritual values that a country is determined to uphold."

In our efforts to prove our broad-mindedness to the world, we have surely commenced to 'lean over backwards.' But we need not worry. Heaven knows we are far removed psychologically from the fires of the Inquisition. So far, indeed, that the flame of faith itself can cause us something akin to embarrassment. To be all things to all men, in the Pauline sense, is one thing—and a most commendable thing at that. But to become adept at trimming one's sails to the prevailing political and religious winds is another thing—and odious in the eyes of heaven.

It is humbling that we must look to the U.S.A., to a country that has never claimed to be Catholic, for a bold, public expression of faith. Last year, President Eisenhower—a non-Catholic—proclaimed October 1st as a national day of prayer for the peace and well-being of America and the world. But this prayerful turning to God is no new thing in U.S. history. America has done so many times through the person of its Chief of State, and through its great statesmen.

Aback of these manifestations there lies a spirit which must commend itself to God and Christian men. May such a spirit be found amongst those who guide the destinies of our land.

FATHER DERMOT, C.P.